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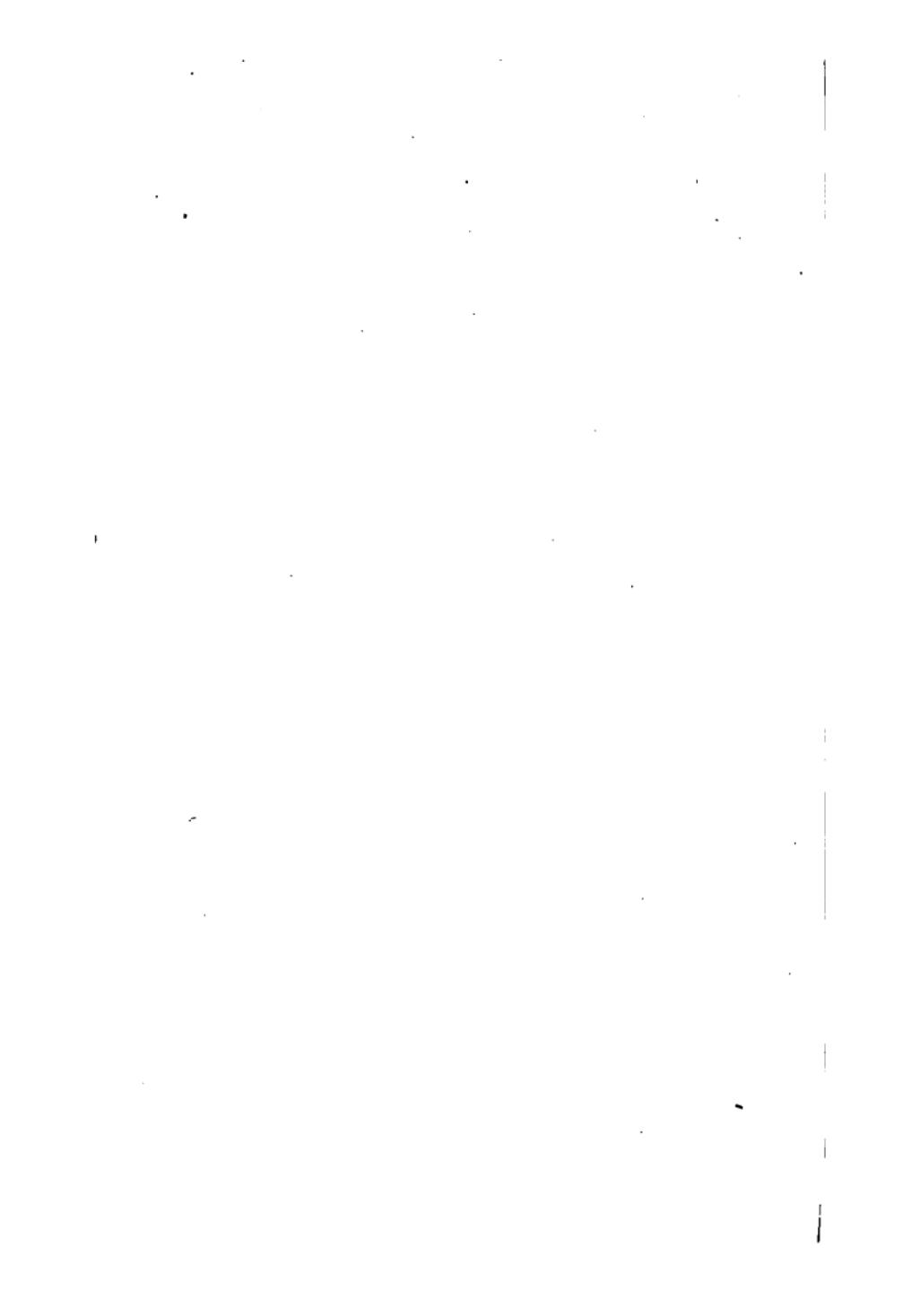
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THE STORY OF A DOG.

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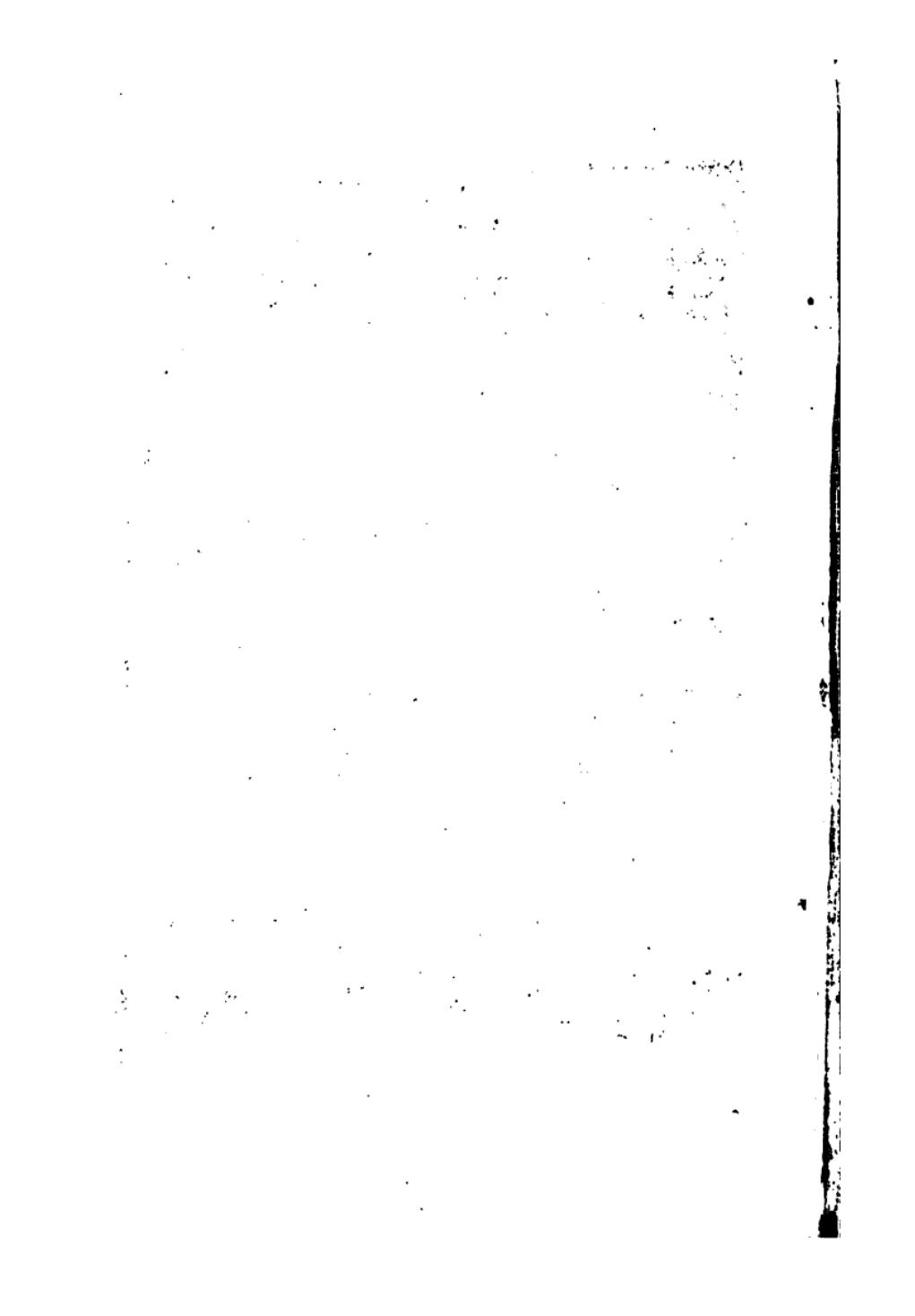


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# The STORY of a DOG



LONDON  
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THE  
STORY OF A DOG.

BY  
MRS. PERRING,  
AUTHOR OF "STORY OF A MOUSE," "STORY OF A CAT," ETC.

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# THE STORY OF A DOG.

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## CHAPTER I.

### OUR LITTLE DOG CARLO.

---

IT was a fine evening in the month of March, when the family of Mr. Percival were all gathered round a bright fire ; the cheerful glow combined with the crimson-papered walls to give a deepened colour to the usually rosy cheeks of the children.

The young party had been for a long walk in the country, and were now sitting after tea in the gentle twilight, telling their mamma how much they had enjoyed their visit to the beautiful ruins of the fine old Abbey which was situated on the banks of

a river three miles from the large manufacturing town of —.

Let me introduce the family of Mr. Percival to my young readers by their Christian names. Mrs. Percival reclined in an arm-chair ; and by her side, on a low stool, his accustomed seat, sat the youngest of the children, little Edwin, a fair-haired boy, whose soft blue eyes wore a pensive expression which seemed to betoken gentleness and trust, rather than the energy and confidence which glowed in the darker and more lustrous eyes of his three elder brothers, Norman, Philip, and Harold. Two sisters, both older than the boys, completed the family group, and a very pleasant one it was to look upon.

“So you have been gratified with your walk and ramble among the ruins of the old Abbey, have you, my dears ?” said Mrs. Percival, addressing the young ladies, Annie and Helen, rather than their brothers.

“Oh yes, mamma,” replied Miss Percival ;

“we had a delightful walk, and the old Abbey looked beautiful in the bright sunlight, with its wreaths of ivy, and the dark matting of the same, which covers some of its crumbling walls on the outside. We should have enjoyed ourselves very much indeed, if Philip had not frightened us ; but he really is so tiresome, mamma, I almost wish you would not let him go with us again. Do you know, he would, in spite of all we could say, climb up those dangerous steps ; and once, when we had been looking all over for him, and had begun to think that he had fallen into the river, he shouted to us from the large ivy-covered oriel window, where he was standing, looking just like a picture in a frame. Perhaps he thought that we should admire him, but he was mistaken, for we were all too much frightened to do that ; and how he scrambled down again we cannot tell, only I am sure it must have been at the risk of breaking his neck ;

and this I fear he will do some day, mamma, so please don't let him go to the Abbey with us any more."

"What a fuss you do make, Annie," replied Philip, who, to say the truth, felt proud of his exploit ; and certainly would not have scrupled to repeat it whenever another opportunity should offer, for he was a very daring boy, and as such, was continually getting into trouble. "Do you know, mamma," added Philip, "that the old steps are so worn, that I had to catch hold of the straggling brambles to keep myself from falling ; it would have been a bad job if they had given way,—I don't think they are very safe."

"Norman is such a coward," continued the loquacious Philip, "I couldn't persuade him to go up the steps with me : there he stood at the bottom, begging and praying me not to venture, when I was more than half way up ; but he lost the splendid view

of the country that I had. Oh, it was so beautiful all round, mamma, for miles. I know *you* would have been delighted to see it. I was well rewarded for any risk I ran."

"But supposing you *had* fallen, and broken your neck," said the matter-of-fact Norman, "we should not have had a very pleasant prospect before us, I think; we should have had a sad tale to bring home to mamma. It is not right to venture where there is so much danger, just for the sake of a fine prospect, Philip."

"Well, I confess that I did not mount the old steps *only* for the sake of a prospect," replied Philip; "I like to do things that other boys would be afraid to do; I don't think there are many boys who would have scrambled up where I did. I heard old John Taylor say that the steps were so loose that they were sure to fall before long."

"A strong reason, Philip," said Mrs. Percival, seriously, "why *you* should not have

hazarded your life in climbing them. I dis-  
approve of your conduct greatly. I should  
be sorry to see you a coward, but true bravery  
does not consist in running into danger  
without some sufficient cause. If, for instance,  
the life of a fellow creature were in peril, and  
you had a reasonable hope of preserving it  
by some act of daring, the case would be  
very different ; you would command appro-  
bation for that which would otherwise deserve  
censure ; but I must request you, my dear  
Philip," continued his mamma, "to be more  
careful ; for the knowledge that you are so  
constantly exposing yourself to accident  
gives me great uneasiness, and this, I think,  
should be some check to your boldness."

"Well, mamma, I will try to be more  
careful," replied Philip, who was a generous,  
warm-hearted boy, though a little too vain of  
his superior quickness in most things to his  
elder brother Norman ; and this vanity had  
been fostered by the admiration of his

younger brother Harold, and of his school-fellows, in whose eyes Philip was little less than a prodigy on account of his extraordinary aptitude, not only in learning lessons, but in all games and boy-like devices. He was the leader of the school, I am sorry to say sometimes into mischief, causing much annoyance to his mamma, through complaints made about this too precocious young gentleman.

Not far from Mr. Percival's residence was a young ladies' boarding-school, which possessed an unfortunate attraction for Master Philip, and some of his companions. This, as might have been expected, was a fruitful source of complaint to the highly respectable lady superintendent, who made an appeal to Mrs. Percival against the ringleader, "Master Philip." Not only were apples, oranges, and nuts thrown over the garden-wall, to the young ladies, but positively notes also, one of which, having been picked up by the

governess, had been handed to Mrs. Latimer, and was by that lady sent to Philip's mamma, with a polite request that the young gentleman in question might have restraint put upon him. The missive ran thus :—

“ MY DEAR ROSE,

“ I don't know whether that is your name, but I think it ought to be, as your cheeks are as red as a rose, and as round as this apple which I am going to fasten my note to, and throw over the wall for you.

“ I hope that nasty cross-looking Miss What-d'ye-call her, won't pick them up, and so get you into trouble ; I don't care for myself, but I'm afraid if Mrs. Latimer sees this note, she won't let you walk with the other girls on the Moor this afternoon, where we are all going to play cricket. If you want to see me, you must look out for a blue jacket, and all the boys say, that I am the fastest runner. Harold is going to climb

upon my shoulders, to peep over the wall, and see that the coast is clear before this is thrown over. Harold says I am to give his love to the young lady that wears a pink bonnet ; he means to write to her as soon as he can do it in small hand. I don't know what more to say to-day, so good-bye, dear ROSE."

Unfortunately for Philip this note was really picked up by the governess, and instead of reaching its place of destination, was forthwith handed by her to Mrs. Latimer, who, as before stated, sent it to head-quarters, in order that sentence might be passed on the bold writer. Of course, there was an ample apology made, and much sorrow expressed, and assurances of no repetition, &c. ; but I am bound to say that none of these came from the refractory Philip, who, when remonstrated with, declared he could see no harm in writing a civil note, but that it

was always the way of cross, ill-natured governesses to treat poor girls like slaves, and he only wished they had boys to deal with, that's all !

But let us return to the fire-side circle to whom the real hero of my tale has now to be introduced. A ring at the bell is heard, and then comes a gentle tap, and the dining-room door is opened, by Jane, the housemaid, who holds in her arms a beautiful little Italian greyhound.

“ If you please ma'am, Mrs. Everett's compliments, and she has sent the little dog that she promised to Master Edwin.”

And so saying, Jane puts down before the delighted children this really beautiful fellow whose name is Carlo. Those of my readers who have not seen the “ Story of a Cat,” will perhaps like a description of him as he stands for a moment shivering, though neither from cold nor fear, before his new friends.

Carlo is a small elegant creature, with a shining *black* coat and head, except that the nose is tipped with white, to which his four white feet correspond. These latter seem almost too dainty to put to the ground, judging by the elastic, dancing motion which he has instead of walking, which I believe Carlo was never known to do.

I need scarcely say, that this canine visitor was warmly received by all, except one of the party. Mrs. Percival herself was not partial to dogs, that is, she had no desire to have one in the house, though she would tolerate Carlo for the children's sake. He was no stranger, nor did he seem inclined to make himself one, for to the enthusiastic praises and warm caresses lavished upon him on all sides, he returned the most extravagant demonstrations of enjoyment, leaping first into one lap, then into another, licking hands and faces by way of rapturous greeting, and finally settling himself down in

the soft white arms of little Edwin, who was to be his new master. Even Mrs. Percival could not help admiring the pretty picture by her side, nor did she at that moment regret the introduction of Carlo among them ; but regrets will surely follow.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE DAY AFTER THE INTRODUCTION.

---

WHERE is the little dog ? It is the first question the boys ask when they come down in the morning ; but no one can give a satisfactory answer.

Cook has not seen him in the kitchen, nor has Jane been favoured with his company in the breakfast-room, so the conclusion is come to that he is with Edwin in the nursery.

“ Now, my dears,” said Mrs. Percival, “ never mind Carlo, but get your breakfast, or you will be too late for school ;” but Philip, the expert, had not waited to hear even this short speech ; he had mounted the stairs, only to be disappointed, for Carlo was not in the nursery, nor had he been there.

Great was the excitement of the boys, and this was just what Mrs. Percival had feared. They were all too eager to listen to their mamma's remonstrance ; however, as there was no Carlo in the nursery, they soon trooped down-stairs again.

“ What must we do, mamma ? ”

“ Get your breakfast, my dears, and go to school,” replied Mrs. Percival.

“ Oh, but Carlo will be lost ; I’m sure he will,” cried the impatient Philip ; “ he must have run away ! ”

“ Only do as I tell you, my dears, get your breakfast, and set off for school immediately, and I promise that all proper inquiries shall be made for the dog. It is most likely that he has slipt out and run to his old home ; when your sisters have had their music lesson, they shall go to Mr. Everett’s to look after the truant.”

“ Not until then, mamma ? Why, that will take two hours, and if he has not gone

there, I know we shall never see him again, for somebody is sure to catch him up, and ran off with him."

Philip's lament was of course echoed by his brothers, and Mrs. Percival, wishing to satisfy the young folks, and anxious that they should not be late at school, made a promise that Annie and Helen should go at once and make inquiries after the missing Carlo.

Satisfied by this assurance of their mamma's, the young people set off for school, satchel in hand ; their lessons I fear, not having been conned over as usual, were but imperfectly repeated that morning.

"What a scream !" said Helen Percival to her sister. "What can be the matter, Annie ?" and the young lady, without waiting for an answer, ran up-stairs to the nursery, followed by Miss Percival, both fearing that something had happened to little Edwin.

Their fears, however, were soon tranquillised in that quarter ; for quiet nurse was

sitting with her equally quiet charge upon her knee, telling him nursery rhymes ; and as *she* had heard no noise, she was quite surprised at this second abrupt intrusion.

“ It surely must have been Jane, Miss, if you heard a scream, for she is up-stairs in the young gentlemen’s room, opening the beds.”

Away ran the sisters, but before they had mounted three stairs, the cause of the noise they had heard presented itself in the pretty attitude of Carlo dancing down to meet them. Jane stood at the top of the landing, “ all of a tremble,” as she said, with the fright she had got.

“ Foolish woman,” said Miss Percival, “ what was there to be frightened at in this pretty little creature ? ”

“ Oh, Miss,” replied Jane, “ but you wouldn’t say that, if he had jumped out upon you, all of a sudden when you wasn’t a thinking of him, as he did on me, when I

turned the bed clothes down. It was enough to frighten anybody to have a great black thing leap a'most into your face, and the door shut, and nobody near."

"Well, at any rate," said Miss Helen, "Carlo is not a *great* black thing, Jane ; and he is not such a frightful object as to make you scream so loudly, and frighten us as you did. Come, you shall go down stairs with me, sir, and give an account of yourself, or let me do it for you," said Helen, taking the willing culprit in her arms, and carrying him down to her mamma, who, although glad that there would be no further time lost in seeking the delinquent, was by no means satisfied at hearing that he had chosen to take up his quarters in the children's bed.

"We must put a stop to such tricks as this, Helen ; it will never do to give this little fellow the range of the house," remarked Mrs. Percival.

But Carlo was a dog who did not require

anything to be *given* to him ; he was one of the free-and-easy kind who can help themselves, and are ever ready to *take*.

Great was the joy, and very numerous the expressions of affection towards their newly-recovered favourite, when the boys returned from school at dinner-time ; while the after-dinner commotion was really something wonderful, for papa was at home, and he was very fond of dogs, so that it seemed as if intuitively Carlo attached himself to Mr. Percival, playing a thousand antics round him, and finally leaping up and licking him over the face, to the inexpressible delight of the juveniles, but rather to the disgust of papa, who did not appear at all to relish this part of Carlo's performance ; so he was quietly transferred to the arms of his young master, who occupied the accustomed stool beside mamma's arm-chair ; and here he is left very soon to take a quiet nap while Norman, Philip, and Harold, return to school,

and the young ladies go to their music, without fear of awakening the two pretty sleepers, Edwin and Carlo, the former having quietly slipped off from his stool, and gone to sleep with his white arms thrown round his black-coated friend. A quiet hour or two succeeds, and then comes the accustomed tap at the window, which Mrs. Percival is always prepared for. It is the boys from the neighbouring manufactory, wanting their books to read. Once, indeed, they visited this corner of the square for a very different purpose, to quarrel, and fight, or for some boisterous play, in which oaths and hard names formed the chief part of the conversation. At last the nuisance became so great, that Mrs. Percival had serious thoughts of appealing to the police authorities, but more mature consideration led her to adopt a more Christian, and it is to be hoped a more beneficial remedy. A large number of copies of the Penny Magazine and similar periodicals were pur-

chased, and by a little kindly management, these rude rough boys were induced to spend their leisure hour in reading. They used to form themselves in groups, and one among each set was appointed reader ; when they went to their work again, the books were returned, and changed when a change was required. Thus peace and order prevailed where riot and confusion before held sway, and it was well worth the slight sacrifice of time and patience which it cost Mrs. Percival to witness the improvement in these young semi-barbarians.

My readers will recollect that I am not now writing a fanciful story ; it is a narration of facts. I hope it will not be to them a *dry* narration ; should it be so, however, most certainly “Our Little Dog” must not be blamed for it, for his was a life full of fun and frolic to himself, though some of, indeed *most* of, his exploits were productive of anything but fun to his friends.

## CHAPTER III.

### PHILIP'S ACCIDENT.

---

IT was a fine afternoon ; the boys were, as usual, at school ; the two young ladies were gone for a walk, and had taken little Edwin and Carlo with them. I do not know whether they went into the town, but if they did they would have plenty of trouble with at least one of the company—Carlo ; for not only would he make acquaintance with every canine friend that he met, but he would run after any person who took the slightest notice of him, so that he kept the young ladies in a perpetual fever of anxiety when he was out with them. Nor was this all, for Carlo could not, or would not, on any account pass by a butcher's or a pastrycook's shop without

making, I was going to say, a friendly call ; but that certainly would not be true, for his calls were most unfriendly, and if there wasn't a cry of "Stop thief!" when he made his exit, the reason was that he was "too clever by half." If, taking all these things into consideration, the young ladies really did walk into the town this afternoon, they could have no one but themselves to blame for any chance annoyance.

Mrs. Percival during this time was quietly seated at her work, near one of the windows looking into the square, when, to her surprise, a cab stopped at the door. Who could it be, for there were no visitors expected ? She rose from her chair and looked anxiously out at the window. The driver rang the bell, and Mr. Markland, one of the tutors of the school which the boys attended, stepped out. The lady did not wait to see more. All a mother's fears were roused ; in an instant she was at the front door, which the servant had

opened, receiving in her arms poor Philip, deadly pale, and with a bandage round his head, through which the blood had made its way in spite of plaisters, so that he was, to mamma, a fearful spectacle. His bright eyes were dim now, and his clear brisk tone was exchanged for a whisper ; yet that was used to convey what comfort he could to his mother.

“Don’t be frightened, mamma,” said the poor fellow, as, between Mrs. Percival and Mr. Markland, he was conveyed into the sitting-room, and placed in one of the easy chairs. “Don’t be frightened, I am not very much hurt, I shall soon be well again.”

Mrs. Percival looked anxiously and inquiringly at the tutor,

“It is, I hope, as Philip says, dear madam—he is not much hurt, or rather, perhaps, I ought to say he has received no dangerous blow. This is the doctor’s verdict, therefore I hope you will not distress your-

self unnecessarily," he observed, as he saw the alarm and sorrow with which Mrs. Percival turned her gaze on the pale face that had beamed so brightly on her when he gave the usual morning salute before leaving for school. Philip again tried to put in a consolatory word, but Mr. Markland interposed.

"There, that will do ; you had better not exert yourself just now, Philip. I will tell your mamma how this sad affair happened, and I am sure she will agree with me that more prudence and less daring are advisable to secure you for the future from a broken pate."

Poor Philip could not help a sickly smile, but he lay back in the arm-chair, and remained quiet while Mr. Markland gave an account of the disaster.

"I must tell you, madam," began the tutor, "that all the boys in the school who have done their lessons well, and been other-

wise diligent, are allowed half an hour's play in the grounds in the middle of the afternoon. Of course, the stupid and the idle ones very seldom enjoy this privilege, but to that class I am happy to say your son Philip does not belong." A slight quiver of the lip might have been observed in the face of the fond mother, and a momentary sparkle of the eye in the poor boy, as Mr. Markland passed this encomium. Then he proceeded to tell how the boys, having engaged in the ungainly game of leap-frog, when it came to Master Philip's turn, he could not be satisfied to do only as others had done, but must show his prowess with much more "vaulting ambition," and thus it came to pass that instead of fairly clearing the shoulders and head of his companion in the play, these same being, according to Philip's directions, held so much higher than for the others, he was suddenly caught in the midst of his leap, and sent with great violence against a stone wall, near which they were

incidentally playing. "Poor Philip," continued Mr. Markland, "was taken up and carried into the house by his companions, who, you may be sure, Mrs. Percival, were all dreadfully alarmed, as he was then quite insensible. A little wine, however, soon brought him to ; and the doctor being close at hand, no time was lost, and I believe everything has been done as well as if under your own eye. And now my young friend, I must take my leave," said the kind tutor, pressing Philip's hand gently. "I know I need not say to you, keep up your spirits, for you will soon join us again ; I should rather say, keep down your impatience, if you wish soon to join us, and though I am not going to give you a lecture just now, I would have you remember that you young ardent spirits, while you do credit to a school, and give much satisfaction to your teachers, bring to them also a considerable amount of anxiety and no little trouble, as witness this broken

head of yours and my absence from my duties. One word more, dear boy—remember your mother." Mr. Markland uttered these last words in a low whisper, then he turned and took leave of Mrs. Percival, begging her at the same time to be assured that so long as Philip remained quiet there was no danger to be apprehended from the wound in his head.

After Mr. Markland had taken his leave, Philip was persuaded to go to bed ; indeed, he needed not much persuasion, for he felt stunned and stupefied by the severe blow he had received. To his credit be it spoken, he was very patient under his misfortune, and consented to remain in bed the next day and the day after, provided only that Carlo might be brought to him and permitted to remain in the room. This of course was readily granted, and the various antics of the graceful little creature greatly relieved the monotony of the sick chamber. As to the dog, he was

as much at home in that room as anywhere else ; he seemed quite as well satisfied with that mode of life as having his full liberty down stairs.

All manner of gambols he would play, as if on purpose to please the invalid ; and when both boy and dog were fairly tired out, the one with actual exertion the other with looking on and laughing, Carlo would leap into the bed, put his sharp nose right into Philip's neck, whose arm was sure to be thrown round the little intruder, and both would fall fast asleep.

Philip was a fine healthy boy, but much slighter and paler than his brothers ; though he looked rather delicate he had plenty of muscle. Some twenty-four hours after his misfortune he appeared oppressed and languid, but after that time, though not permitted to get up, his spirits gradually revived, and he was soon himself again. As to Master Carlo, he was sometimes a little teasing, even to

Philip, who, being very fond of reading, was inclined, on one or two occasions, to resent the canine interference when the black head was intruded underneath the book, in order, we suppose, to prevent his young master giving way to selfish enjoyments ; for I must acknowledge that Carlo's love of books consisted only in turning over leaves in double quick time—a process neither improving to himself nor to the book, as my young readers will readily allow.

As to poor little Edwin, the dog seemed quite to have deserted him, now that he had attached himself to Philip's sick room. But Carlo was never a dog to be depended on, so perhaps I ought not to say that he attached himself to anybody ; yet if there was an attraction in the house for the restless creature, Philip, the energetic, was most likely to be the one.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE TORN MUFF.

---

IT was a bright, beautiful morning in April ; the tall trees in the square had put forth their early leaves, though not yet in great profusion ; there were a variety of tints, from the pale, delicate shades of the balsam poplar to the dark foliage of the fir. Numerous clumps of primroses and polyanthus had succeeded the pale snowdrops and the many-coloured crocuses in the garden, to say nothing of that shy, retiring little violet, of whose presence you are aware only by its perfume. All were spreading out their beauties before the cheering beams of an unclouded sun, and there were no dark columns of smoke rising as usual from the

tall, the very tall chimneys, to spread over the clear blue of the heavens, for this was Sunday morning, and the trees and the flowers might look up as it were rejoicingly, bathed in sweet incense after the night's refreshment.

On this Sunday morning, then, the family of Mr. Percival, as usual, were all ready for church ; none stayed at home but nurse, with little Edwin, and the cook. The two former were taking their accustomed walk in the square, and Carlo, as was his wont, was gambolling by their side. Carlo never attempted to follow any of them to church ; he gave no trouble in this way, for though, when any clergyman called at Mr. Percival's—and a great many did call there—Carlo was on their knee the very moment they were seated, his partiality did not induce him to return their calls. Whether it was the kindness and suavity of the manners of these gentlemen, or the attraction of a black coat,

like his own, as dogs are said to discriminate between well and ill-dressed people, I know not, but certain it is that the little fellow always paid particular attention to the clergy, and took care also that they should do the same by him.

But I must proceed with my story. Carlo, as I have said, was left in the garden of the square with nurse and Edwin. Mary was sure to take care of him while she was out, and if left downstairs on her return she would consign him to Mrs. Greenwood, the trusty cook, whose only fault was a rather sharp temper ; and of this Master Carlo seemed pretty well aware, as he contrived to keep as much as possible out of the little woman's way.

In Mr. Percival's house, as it ought to be in all houses where it is possible, very small amount of cooking served on the Sunday ; and it was always an early dining day, in order that the servants, as well as having

more rest, might have time to attend church at the afternoon service.

When the family returned from worship, the dinner was punctually ready, for cook was never known to keep them waiting ; so as soon as bonnets and cloaks were removed a happy, cheerful party were seated round the table. Rosy cheeks and bright eyes seemed to give evidence of good appetites, yet that did not prevent the play of kindlier feelings, for no sooner had the Blessing been asked than there was an inquiry made for Carlo, who was always permitted to be in the room at dinner-time, and as sundry choice morsels always fell to his share, his being absent was an extraordinary event ; and absent he certainly was at this time, for though called on all sides, he did not put in an appearance. At last Mr. Percival was obliged to call the young people to order, and command attention to what should be the chief business of the table, so, with the exception of a few

whispers, and now and then a furtive glance round the room, or a sly peep under the table to see if Carlo had stolen in, the dinner proceeded quietly.

“Mamma,” said Miss Percival, “do you think it likely that cook has let the dog out at the front door while we were at church? I know she does not like Carlo, for I heard her say that she wished he had never been brought here, though I’m sure she has had very little trouble with him.”

“Annie, my dear,” replied Mrs. Percival, with whom Greenwood was deservedly a great favourite, “I wonder how you can suggest such a thing. I feel convinced that cook, however much she disliked Carlo, would not attempt to get rid of him in the way you speak of, nor indeed in any way.”

The road for remark being now opened, Philip ventured to say that it was very likely he had been left in the square by nurse; you know, mamma, she was walking there with

Edwin when we went to church ; I saw him myself, and was going to whistle for him, but Norman said, "No, don't, for perhaps he will follow us to church."

"Oh, it's very likely, as you say, Philip, that he is in the square now. May we go, papa, after dinner and look for him ?"

"Yes, with all my heart, Norman, if you will please to get your dinner quietly and say no more about the dog just now ; I dislike very much this stir and commotion at meal time."

This speech had the effect of checking further observations respecting Carlo, and soon the dinner came to an end, and the little party quietly dispersed in different ways, Norman and Philip into the square, as they had proposed ; Harold to reconnoitre the yard and back garden ; the young ladies into the nursery to stay with Edwin while nurse was at her dinner, and Mrs. Percival into her own room, where she generally re-

tired on a Sunday for a short time to be alone.

To-day, however, as it happened, she was not alone when she entered, for, on turning to close the door, all at once she heard a thump on the floor, and then, quick as lightning, Carlo rushed past her. He had been, on Mrs. Percival's entrance, quietly ensconced in her bonnet, which was lying on the bed. It was by no means a small bonnet or it could not have admitted such an intruder even partially, and the lady discovered to her vexation on turning towards the bed that the inside trimmings were all crushed and disfigured. It was very provoking, very ; and yet it was quite insignificant compared to the sight which met her view on turning from the bed. There, on the floor, torn almost to pieces, lay a beautiful Chinchilli muff, nearly a new one, which Master Carlo had been spending the dinner-hour in endeavouring to demolish, and when tired of the work of destruction had leaped

upon the bed and made a nest for himself in the before-mentioned unlucky bonnet.

Mrs. Percival, as may well be supposed, was much irritated at the discovery of this mischievous pastime, and, with the torn muff in one hand, and a small switch in the other, she soon afterwards went down stairs with a full determination to punish the offender, who had adroitly managed to escape in the first instance the chastisement he so justly deserved. All thoughts, if he ever had any, of muff, or bonnet, or anything else disagreeable, had passed away from Carlo's canine mind when he joined the youthful party who had been in search of him, in the dining-room, where the two young ladies and little Edwin had assembled with their brothers, and a sort of universal joy was prevailing, Carlo himself being the most demonstrative of the party.

Soon, however, the scene changed when Mrs. Percival appeared, switch in hand. There was an instant hush of voices, and

the conscious little culprit after one glance at the presence leapt suddenly into the arms of his young master, which were closed over him with protecting skill, while the pretty curly head was bent down to shield still further the provoking offender. But the switch had excited the fears of all the party, and as mamma came forward there was a general exclamation, "Oh, don't beat Carlo, mamma ! don't beat the poor little fellow !" and a whole line of defence was drawn up to save him, which line however would no doubt have proved insufficient to save, had not another and yet a silent appeal been made. The child and the dog together were irresistible. The pretty sleek creature, closely clasped in those fairy arms, the tender, earnest entreaty for pity, the soft eyes filling with tears. "Well, well, Edwin dear, I won't beat Carlo this time for your sake ; but see what he has done to poor mamma's muff," said Mrs. Percival, holding up the mutilated

article, and receiving all the compensation for her loss which she was ever likely to get in the united condolence of her children ; and yet even in the midst of it they could not help laughing as mamma went on to describe Carlo ensconced in her bonnet, for they pictured to themselves his sharp face peeping out of the flowers and the quilling, and wondered that he did not find a thorn in the shape of a pin among the roses.

“ Well, now, you have had the indulgence of a laugh at my expense,” said Mrs. Percival, who had by this time calmed down her vexation, “ but let me beg of you, young gentlemen, to try and teach Carlo better manners if you wish him to remain with us.”

“ He will never be taught better manners, I am convinced, mamma,” said Helen, with whom Carlo was not much of a favourite. “ I have heard Lucy Everett say that he was always at some mischief or other, and that they had often punished him, but it was of no use.”

"I know why Lucy didn't like Carlo," said Philip ; "he used to worry her cat whenever he saw her. Girls are always so fond of cats," said Philip, contemptuously, "but I like dogs ; they are a great deal more noble than cats," and Philip drew himself up as if some of the nobility he extolled attached to his liking.

"Some dogs may be," interposed Miss Percival, "but surely you cannot give that praise to Carlo ; his beauty and his sprightliness, I think, are his only recommendations, for he does not seem to attach himself to any one in particular. If he is inclined for a frolic—which, indeed, he very often is—he goes to Philip, and if he wants to go to sleep, or to be protected from threatened punishment, he finds a resting-place and a place of safety in Edwin's arms. Look how closely he is hugged up ; I know that mamma envies Carlo just now, don't you, mamma ?"

"Do you divine my feelings by my looks,

Annie?" inquired Mrs. Percival. "Well, I must say you are not far mistaken, and Carlo certainly does not merit the endearment he receives."

"He is a cunning fellow, and no mistake," said Norman; "quiet as he is he is not asleep. Just look, Philip, how he is watching that little switch that mamma still has in her hand; I am sure he knows that it was intended to beat him with, and he thinks he is not quite safe yet."

"Give it to me, please, mamma," said Harold, "I will put it into the sideboard drawer, it will be ready the next time he does any mischief."

"But I won't let you beat him, Harold," said the quiet little Edwin. "Carlo is my dog, isn't he, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear, he is certainly your dog, and a very naughty dog he is; so you must not object to his being punished when he deserves it, because you know we want to

cure him of bad tricks, and then we shall all like him better. Here, Harold," said Mrs. Percival, "put the switch where you proposed. I shall be very glad if we have no occasion to use it." Harold did as he was desired, and now the torn muff being also laid aside, the usual Sunday afternoon duties of reading and questioning were begun, and continued without interruption.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE RUINED CHAIRS.

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DAYS passed on, and as Carlo had been guilty of no fresh outrage, Mrs. Percival began to congratulate herself that he was improving in his habits, though he was still as restless as ever ; but he was a source of great amusement to the boys, and an almost constant companion for little Edwin in his walks.

“ Philip, dear,” said Mrs. Percival, one day, when she was sitting in the accustomed arm-chair, and the boy was standing by her waiting for dinner, “ do you know how it is that all these scratches are made in the leather of both the chairs ? have any of you

been amusing yourselves in such an occupation?"

"Oh, mamma, how could you think that we should scratch the chairs, we should not be so foolish."

"Well, I don't know," answered Mrs. Percival, "but I believe boys often do strange things with their penknives, more a great deal than cutting pens or pencils."

"Oh, yes," replied Philip, eagerly, as if he feared he might be forestalled in his clever speech, "I know, they 'cut their sticks,' sometimes."

Norman, and Harold, and even the young ladies laughed at this little witticism; but his mamma said quietly, "I don't like slang, my dear Philip; I hope it is not one of the accomplishments you learn at school?"

"Oh, mamma," chimed in Harold, "you should just hear what queer things the boys do say in the playground; I'm sure I don't know sometimes what they mean."

“Nor need you seek to know, dear child,” replied Mrs. Percival, “it’s a low and vulgar taste to adopt phrases and equivocal terms to express what we mean, instead of using plain and proper language. I hope my children will avoid this folly.”

“Then we shall be sneered at, and laughed at, and be called proud and conceited, and quakerified, and methodistical, and I don’t know what besides. Oh, mamma,” he continued, energetically, “we must do as other boys do,” said Philip.

“Not, certainly, if they do or say what is wrong, Philip,” replied his mamma, “and I can scarcely think that your merely abstaining from the use of slang terms would draw down upon you the ridicule which you seem to dread.”

“Oh, yes, indeed it would, mamma,” said Norman, “and they would say, too, that we had ‘no pluck,’ that is, you know, courage, and none of us would like to be called cowards.”

“No, I don’t think they would dare to call Philip one, for they all say that he is a ‘plucky little chap.’”

Mrs. Percival, herself, could not repress a smile, and Annie and Helen laughed outright ; but Philip bridled up, not knowing whether he ought to be pleased or angry at this liberty taken by his schoolfellows being reported to his mamma and sisters. At last he said, after a moment’s pause, “well, they may say what they like of me, so long as they don’t call me a dunce or a coward.” Philip knew right well that neither of these epithets would apply to him, for he was a clever boy, and full of spirit, yet very tiresome sometimes, as his sisters said, and very dangerous in some of his habits, as his mamma knew ; for in his numerous manufactures of mimic railways, and small traps, and cannon, and I know not what beside, the candle at night was too frequently in requisition. Twice his mamma had found the

light in very perilous positions, for, as she well knew Philip's habits, she naturally was on her guard, and looked carefully after his candle when he had gone to bed. One night on going into the room when the boys were fast asleep, the candle and candlestick were not to be seen in their accustomed place. Mrs. Percival searched the room all round, and at last, in the corner close to the bedside, between the chinks of a narrow closet, she discovered a faint light, which on opening the door she found to proceed from the lost candle which Philip had secreted in order to commence his manipulations whenever he should awake ; he had hidden the candle for fear mamma should take it away when she paid her accustomed visit. Foolish fellow, to try to cheat his best friend. No doubt he had dropped asleep without intending to do so, and to his surprise when he awoke both candle and candlestick had disappeared. When in the morning Mrs. Percival remon-

strated with Philip on this dangerous trick, she said, "I shall pass over it for once, but if I find it repeated I shall not suffer you to have any candle to go to bed with for a month." This would have been a sore punishment to Philip, as he had always a variety of small stores in his pockets, and hidden in various parts of the room, pertaining to his manufacturing exploits, and these treasures were turned out and arranged by Philip after the more sleepy-headed Norman and the unsophisticated Harold had gone to rest.

Philip promised his mamma that he would never again put the candle into the cupboard, though he candidly confessed that it was not the first time he had been guilty of this dangerous piece of deception. I daresay the young gentleman kept his word in this particular, but it was not long before his mamma found his candle in a still more dangerous position.

"Did you hear any noise?" said Mrs.

Percival to her husband, some time after they had retired to rest.

“ I heard no noise, my dear,” replied that gentleman ; “ you have perhaps been dreaming ; you are so nervous always about the children, Maria, — I wish you would not frighten yourself so unnecessarily : ” and Mr. Percival, having, as he thought, satisfied his wife, dozed off again. Not so the lady, however ; she felt assured that she had heard some stirring in the boys’ room, and ever feeling a dread on her mind respecting Philip’s dangerous practices, she continued to listen, although after she had spoken to her husband all remained perfectly still.

Notwithstanding this, with a nervous agitation which often increases the longer we lie and listen, Mrs. Percival could not compose herself to rest until she had taken some steps to ascertain whether there was really any ground for her alarm. She had in truth very few steps to take, for, slipping quietly

out of bed, and as noiselessly as possible opening the door of the boys' bedroom, she discovered to her great consternation a lighted candle on Philip's breast as he was lying fast asleep, while all about the counterpane were strewn the various implements of workmanship in the shape of scissors, knives, pincers, gimlets, &c., with a vast variety of bits of pasteboard, tin, brass, old curtain rings—more than I can possibly enumerate, but which Philip deemed necessary, I presume, for the manufacture of his railway. Poor fellow, it was well that he had a vigilant mamma, who, under Providence, watched over her too incantious boy, for one turn of his might have upset the candlestick and kindled a flame that it would have been impossible to extinguish before some serious mischief, or, perhaps life, had been the penalty.

Mrs. Percival did not disturb the sleeping boy ; she took the candle in her hand, and,

offering up a fervent thanksgiving for a preservation from evil, she retired again to rest. From that time forth Philip had no candle allowed him ; he had to undress in the dark until the lengthened days rendered other light than the twilight unnecessary.

It was about three days after Mrs. Percival had made the inquiry of the children respecting the chairs being so scratched, without receiving any satisfactory solution of the mystery, that one morning the house was thrown into a slight ferment by the maid coming up to Mrs. Percival's chamber to announce to that lady the ill-tidings that the arm-chairs in the dining-room were "torn all to bits." "Just come down, if you please, mum, and see for yourself : the leather is all torn, and hanging down like long shreds of paper, and the hay and the wool is all scratched out."

"The hay and the wool, Jane !" said Mrs. Percival ; "surely you mean the horsehair ?"

“No, mum, I don’t, indeed, for there’s nothing but hay and wool as I see ;”—so here Jane had made a double discovery of the tricks of man as well as of beast ;—“for I know very well, mum,” said she, “that ‘tis the little dog as has done this mischief, for when I opened the door of the room this morning he darted past me like mad. I ‘spose he’s been shut up in the room all night, so he’s had plenty of time to do the mischief.”

Mrs. Percival was truly provoked at seeing the destruction that had been effected in so short a time : the covering of the back and sides of both chairs was nearly stripped off, as Jane had said ; and thus the unpalatable truth was brought to light of the hay and wool stuffing,—the smell of which had most likely induced Carlo to search, for perhaps he wanted some hay or wool to make his bed softer, though in truth he might have been well content with the one he had appro-

priated to himself. The unfortunate chairs had to be sent off to the upholsterer's, where they cost two pounds re-covering, while Carlo, when he again made his appearance, although Edwin was there to protect him, tasted the rod which had been kept in pickle for him.

“No, Edwin, no,” said Mrs. Percival, to all the gentle entreaties for pity, “it is no use your crying or praying me to spare the little mischievous creature. I will punish him this time, and then I hope he'll behave better.” So, then, there were some few rather hard strokes, and a great deal of yelping and squalling, mingled with gentle, earnest entreaties to spare, all of which at last subsided into little low whines and murmured condolences, mingled with kind caresses of the soft white arms.

Carlo had certainly now proved himself a *dear* little dog, and Greenwood's anger knew no bounds, for she could not bear to see her

“master’s property destroyed in that fashion by the dirty little black thief.” She only wished missus would leave it to her to punish him, he shouldn’t go without a sound beating, that he shouldn’t. But, as it was, no doubt Greenwood did her part in this way, whenever she had an opportunity, which Carlo took care to give as seldom as possible, for when he saw her coming up the stairs he would bound off in a frantic state to get out of her way ; and not much wonder, for sundry sharp, short yelps that were heard occasionally, told that the two antagonists had come in contact, and that Carlo had the worst of it. After the beating, for a time at least, all went on quietly, and Mrs. Percival ventured some sage remarks on the salutary nature of punishment. We shall see, with what justice, in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER VI.

### CARLO, A DAINTY THIEF.

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IT was, perhaps, about a week after the uncovering and re-covering of the chairs that the usual family party were again seated in the dining-room, at that pleasant time between light and dark.

It was a lovely evening, in the beginning of May ; the crescent moon was peeping through the still young and tender foliage of the tall trees in the square. The glowing sunset tints still lingered in the west, and all was tranquilly beautiful.

Mrs. Percival sat in her usual seat, and Edwin, who had been permitted to sit up a little later by his too indulgent mamma, occupied his stool by her side. Carlo, of

course, is one of the party, nay, he seems just now the life of the young circle, but Mrs. Percival thinks he should be dismissed, she does not relish such boisterous mirth as he is making at this quiet season.

“Oh, mamma,” said Philip, the ready-tongued, “why would you send the poor little fellow away? Let me snap the tongs at him, and see what a rage he will get into, and how he will bark.”

“Now, Philip,” replied Mrs. Percival, “if you attempt such a thing I shall instantly send the dog away; how can you like noise on such a lovely evening, when all Nature seems disposed to be still?”

“Why, it’s all very well for you and the girls to be quiet, mamma, but it’s slow work for us boys.”

“We haven’t any ‘work’ to do,” said the sagacious Norman, “and I think it is very comfortable sitting here, so you need only speak for yourself, Philip.”

“And don’t call us ‘girls,’ in that rude way,” said his eldest sister ; “you are a great deal too pert, Master Philip. Because the boys at school make much of you, it’s no reason why you should be conceited and think you can say what you like.”

A ring at the front door bell prevented Philip’s reply, which, however, appeared to be ready enough on his lips, and in another minute Jane announced and ushered into the room the three Misses Norris—young ladies, but old friends of the Percivals—who had been with their mamma on a visit to grandpapa ever since Christmas ; a long time, as they said, to be separated from their friends in ——.

“We are so glad to see you all again,” said the eldest Miss Norris, after the first greetings were over ; “we could not wait, as mamma thought we ought to have done, until the morning ; we wanted to tell you what a delightful visit we have had, and how

much we have enjoyed ourselves. Such a merry, old-fashioned Christmas, dear Mrs. Percival, with the great yule log in the fire-place, and such a number of boys and girls belonging to the farmers round, all looking so pleased and so happy. But we missed you, dear Annie, and Helen ; and I know my brothers missed Philip very much. Don't be angry, Norman," said the loquacious young lady, "but Philip, you know, was always the favourite. I suppose," she added, looking archly at the last named young gentleman, "it is because he is so full of fun—or, mischief, shall I call it—some of both, perhaps." This latter, I presume, was intended more as a sop for Norman than a reproof for Philip, but the good-natured brother had no jealousy in his composition, he was quite satisfied to let Philip bear away the palm, so that he might retain the olive branch of peace.

"We are all quite as glad of your return,

my dears," said Mrs. Percival ; " I assure you my young people felt your absence greatly, especially during the Christmas holidays, which you appear to have spent so happily." And this remark, of course, was warmly responded to by all the party.

There was one, however, in the room, who, strange to say, had been as yet passed over ; this was not little Edwin, for he had been receiving a due share of attention from Rosa and Emily Norris, while their elder sister had been carrying on the conversation with the others. It was Master Carlo, who had begun to consider himself neglected.

Curled up in a corner of the room, taking an evening nap, he had not thought proper to disturb himself in order to welcome visitors until the first demonstrations of pleasure were over, and he should be likely to gain a full share, or rather, I should say, an undivided share, of attention. Mind, good reader, I don't positively assert that this was really

Carlo's design in not showing himself before ; but he was indeed a very subtle, selfish, though a pretty creature : he deserved to be suspected in almost everything he did. He came from the corner now, stretching himself in no very polite manner ; I suppose, however, it was dog fashion. Then he leaped very unceremoniously upon Miss Norris's lap ; he seemed to have sufficient discernment to perceive that she was the principal person ; probably he may have guessed this from the amount of talk. He was sure to choose the best seat for his purpose. If he wanted to avoid any chastisement the arms of little Edwin were his safe retreat until the storm blew over ; if he wished to attract attention, as in the present instance, he took the highest place, or the position where he might be seen to the greatest advantage. This I have noticed some children do, and they have seemed quite offended if their efforts to attract were not crowned with

success. Carlo's vaulting ambition, however, seldom received any check, and certainly not in the present instance, if we may judge by the enthusiastic praises indulged in by Miss Norris.

"Oh, Mrs. Percival," said that young lady, "where did you get such a beautiful little dog? I never saw such a lovely creature before, and he is not at all shy." This latter observation seemed highly to amuse the young Percivals; the idea of Carlo being shy!

"Shy, Miss Norris?" said Philip, "why, you should just see him in the street, scampering after everybody that is well dressed, and ready to run off with any one that would feel disposed to take him. I am sure," added Philip, energetically, "if the Queen were to sit down here, Carlo would be on her lap in an instant." This speech of Philip's was received with much laughter, even Mrs. Percival joined in the mirth, while she said, quietly, "I don't suppose Carlo,

clever as you all think him, would be able to distinguish royalty even in the person of our gracious Queen ; all his aim seems to be to secure himself a comfortable seat with one who is likely to be his greatest admirer ; but I must leave you young people for a short time," said the lady of the house, who was on hospitable thoughts intent, " I have some commands to give to Jane." So saying, Mrs. Percival left the room, and summoned the housemaid to her presence, giving her a commission to the pastrycook's for sundry tarts, cheese-cakes, sponge-cakes, &c., &c. On her return to the little party an unexpected demand was made upon her.

"Mamma," said the ready-spoken Philip, "Rosa has had a bullfinch given to her, in a beautiful cage, and she says it can sing several tunes ; may we all go to-morrow and see it ? And, mamma, will you tell us that piece you wrote a little while ago about the bullfinch ? Rosa and Emily say they would like

so much to hear it ; and as they have got the bird, yon know," cried the special pleader, " it will be all the more interesting to them."

" I doubt very much," answered Mrs. Percival, " whether the verses will have the interest you appear to attach to them for our young friends ;" but then came a whole volley of entreaties.

" Oh do, dear Mrs. Percival, do, if you please," said all the three guests ; and so the stanzas were repeated. Here they are :—

#### TO THE BULLFINCH.

A pretty bird thou art, with bosom red,  
And cap of brilliant jet upon thine head ;  
Wings with dark tips, and coat of sober hue,  
In spite of storm and rain, for ever new.

Close in the fragrant hedge, when the young May  
Dapples the earth with flowers, or 'neath the spray  
Where the rich rose-buds cluster, may be seen  
Thy shallow nest among the leaflets green.

Four tiny blueish eggs, with spots of brown,  
Safely repose upon the warm soft down ;

Till gentle Nature for her offspring calls,  
And little bills break through the shining walls.

Few songs are thine, sweet bird, yet unto thee  
Is giv'n a wondrous art of mimicry ;  
And well, thy tuneful lesson learnt by rote,  
Thou trill'st, despising not the stranger's note.

Alas ! that one so gifted, should be found  
Guilty of felony ! Yes, all around,  
Where thy light wing hath fann'd the cooling breeze,  
The infant buds are sever'd from the trees.

The embryo cherry and incipient plum  
Form thy repast ; and as the summer's sun  
Changes the aromatic flowers to fruits,  
It finds thee busy at thy old pursuits.

Still thou art innocent. To thee unknown  
The maxim, "Take not what is not thine own."  
Nay, could we teach it thee, thou wouldst dispute  
Man's universal claim to flowers and fruit.

Well, well ! there is enough for him and thee,  
Still wave thine airy pinions wild and free  
On the soft air ; or if within a cage  
Thou art confin'd, thy mimic powers engage  
In most sweet strain—thy prison, hung with green,  
Cheer with true British song, "God save the  
Queen."

“ Thank you, dear Mrs. Percival—thank you very much, the lines are quite a little history of Rose’s bird. Will it be too great a favour to ask you some time to give us a copy of them.”

“ I shall do so with great pleasure, my dear. I dare say Annie will write them out for you to-morrow.”

“ Mamma has a number of pieces of poetry about birds,” said the interfering Philip. “ I wish she would tell you just one more because it is my favourite. Will you, please, mamma, let us hear about the magpie ? ”

“ Oh do, please Mrs. Percival ; do please,” was echoed on all sides, until at last “ The Magpie ” is introduced with a question.

What must I tell of thee, mischievous bird ?  
Who of thy thievish tricks never has heard ?  
How many stories old, of thy sharp pranks are told,  
What store of troubles are centred in thee ?

Stealing, and hiding, the scissors, and keys,  
None, where thou dwellest, can e’er be at ease ;

Brooches, and lockets, and rings disappear,  
When, rogueishly hiding, none know thou art near.

I have read a sad tale, let us hope 'tis not true,  
Of a lady in Florence, a great lady too,  
Who lost from her chamber a necklace of pearl,  
And accus'd of the theft a poor innocent girl.

They put her to torture, and made her declare  
She *had* stolen the necklace. Oh, who can forbear  
To rail at the lady, the magpie, the times  
That could sanction as justice such terrible crimes?

Well, they hung the poor girl, but a light was soon  
thrown,  
On this tragical scene—the true culprit made known  
When too late. O'er the city a thunder-storm came,  
And a bolt from the sky, like a pillar of flame,

Struck the statue of Justice which stood in the  
square,  
And split the huge scales, long suspended in air.  
With a crash of destruction they fell to the ground,  
And what do you think, gentle reader, was found?

Why, the necklace of pearl, amid rubbish and leaves,  
Of the sly magpie's nest. How the tender heart  
bleeds,  
To think of the innocent victim, who died  
Ere the scales of stern Justice the truth had supplied.

How many sad tricks are recorded of thee,  
Yet thou'rt sitting demurely on yonder tall tree,  
Quite unconscious of ill ; and thou art not to blame,  
Though we wish not thy further acquaintance to claim.

So we leave thee alone to thy pleasures and care,  
Only watching one moment, to see thee prepare  
For the wide-gaping beaks of thy young, who, not nice,  
Will swallow with relish frogs, ducklings, or mice.

We should like very well to peep into thy nest,  
But so closely around it the briars are prest,  
So firmly the branches together are laid,  
There'd be many a scratch ere a breach could be  
made.

So rest thee securely, we will not molest  
Either thee or the treasures laid up in thy nest.  
When time has unclasped the small links in love's  
chain,  
Thou wilt back to the deep lonely forest again.

“Thank you, Mrs. Percival,” cried little Emily Norris, the youngest of the three visitors. “I like the story about the magpie best of the two.”

“And I,” said Rosa, “like the one about

my pretty bullfinch best. I never wish to hear anything shocking. I don't like to see sad sights, nor to hear sad tales like that one about the poor girl; that is, unless we can give help in any way," added the kindhearted child.

"And I am much of your mind, my dear," replied Mrs. Percival. "We should not shrink from coming in contact with the real evils of life, because we may be able to alleviate them. Where we are utterly powerless to do so, it is best not to distress ourselves with reading or hearing them. Some persons I know are fond of reading tales of fiction, and ghost stories, and horrid murders in newspapers; filling their minds thus either with imaginary or real terrors. This I hold to be very injurious, especially to young people." But now Mrs. Percival was beginning to wonder why Jane was so long in bringing the tray in, so she again left the little party to make inquiry.

On the hall-table there lay three paper-bags, every one of which had been opened and at least one-half of their contents extracted, while the passage canvas was strewn all over with flakes of pastry, showing plainly enough who had been the depredator. Mrs. Percival's first impulse was to go and denounce the little miscreant in the presence of his admirers, but a moment's reflection showed her that this proceeding would be unwise, because, in making known Carlo's delinquencies, she would of course show his too great intimacy with the contents of the paper bags, and this might raise, perhaps, rather squeamish feelings in the minds of the guests, so as to prevent them from partaking of dainties which had been subjected to canine intrusion and taste, though in truth Carlo had gone about his work like a most expert fellow, as he was ; he had disturbed only those dainties which he had extracted, and demolished ; he had not even torn the paper

bags, but with his sharp snout had opened them carefully.

There was yet another reason why Mrs. Percival's first idea should not be carried out, or rather, I should say, carried in. Carlo was among his enthusiastic admirers ; they were sure to find excuses for him, and he would therefore be more likely to be petted than punished. How he had contrived to slip out of the room and perpetrate this theft the lady could not imagine, unless he had done so when she had been giving her orders to Jane ; who was again summoned to give an account, if she could, of these her mutilated purchases.

“ Laws me ! ” said the astonished Jane, as she made her appearance, tray in hand. “ Whoever would have thought that the little dog would ha' meddled with the paper-bags ? I ha'n't 'a left 'um above two minutes, I'm sure.”

“ You have left them long enough to have

the mischief done, Jane," replied her mistress, "and I wonder very much that you did not take your purchases into the kitchen, and arrange them there, instead of on the hall-table."

"Well, ma'am," answered Jane, in a disconsolate tone, "Greenwood is always so snappish-like when I have to do anything in the kitchen out of the common."

"Oh, nonsense," replied Mrs. Percival, interrupting her, "do not let me hear such paltry excuses; come, arrange what is left as well as you can, and bring in the tray immediately."

Jane, of course, was very sorry, but she was also very angry with the author of this mischief.

"I'll punish that terrible little thief whenever I catch him;" this was the thought no doubt uppermost in Jane's mind, while she placed the remains of the pastry on dishes and carried them into the room. In spite of

the feast which Carlo had secured to himself previously, having, any one would have thought, eaten "enough to make a dog sick," he appeared now quite ready for all the bits which from side to side fell to his lot. He snapped them up as if he had not eaten a morsel all day, and most provoking was it to Mrs. Percival to see him thus pampered, with her knowledge of how little he deserved it.

"Now, my dears, I must beg," she said at last, "that you do not give Carlo any more. He is a very greedy dog, I assure you, and will take any quantity," and she seemed half disposed to give further particulars, when she was interrupted by the boys.

"Oh, mamma, pray now, don't give poor Carlo a bad name."

"No, don't," cried Philip, "for you know the old proverb, 'Give a dog a bad name and hang him at once.' And we can't have this pretty little fellow hanged, can we,

Carlo ? ” who thus appealed to, went through sundry antics, which, though it would be impossible to describe them, elicited frequent bursts of laughter on every side.

“ No, Philip, no,” said Miss Norris, “ he must neither be hanged nor spoken against,” and the young lady stroked the bright black coat of the frisky creature, who had again leapt upon her knee, as if he knew she was defending him.

“ As you like, young ladies and gentlemen,” said mamma, “ as you like now ; but the real truth will come out some day, take my word for it, and then I think you will not be disposed to hold Carlo in such high esteem.”

But it was very evident that public opinion at present was in favour of Carlo—that part of the young circle who *did* know his tricks being disposed to great toleration, and the other part being *not* disposed to harbour any injurious suspicions.

The pleasant hour drew to a close, and the young friends separated, with a promise on the part of the Percivals of going next day to see the bullfinch.

## CHAPTER VII.

### FRESH SUNDAY DEPREDATIONS.

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A FORTNIGHT had now elapsed since the evening visit of the Misses Norris, and many pleasant walks had been planned and taken by the young people, for it was

The merry springtime of the year,  
When all around looked bright and clear ;  
The hedgerows wore the robe of May  
That universal holiday :  
Within the thicket's leafy rest  
Lay hid the feather'd warbler's nest,  
While on some distant spray he strove  
To bless with song maternal love.

Carlo of course was always invited to share the walk, although sometimes he proved himself anything but an agreeable companion, by the trouble he gave in look-

ing after him, on his frequent sudden disappearances in quest of they knew not what. It was a lovely Sunday morning. The great town, free from the smoke of the huge chimneys, seemed to repose in something like cleanliness ; while on the outskirts and all about the square in which Mr. Percival's house stood, the trees and the flowers, though I cannot say that their fragrance was untainted by the week-day atmosphere of impure air, showed as yet but little trace of the dinginess which a few weeks' contact with the smoke would produce.

With light steps and glad hearts the family party of the Percivals took their way to church. It was a church which had been recently built, and was not far from the square. It stood on a rising ground, like a city set upon a hill ; and the good clergyman who officiated there was the next door neighbour of Mr. Percival, and, like most other persons, a great admirer of "our little dog." Still,

as I before stated, there never was any disposition shown by Carlo to follow the family to church. No doubt he rather stayed at home to do mischief, which he was sure to do if not well looked after. The early dinner was ready as usual on Sundays, and Mrs. Percival, on coming home, just stepped into the dining-room to look round, previous to taking off her bonnet. The two boys were walking in the square with papa, but Philip loitered about the front door, most likely expecting Carlo to come to him, but in this he was to be disappointed.

A cold leg of lamb, some stewed beef, and an apple pie,—this constituted the dinner for the day.

“ But where *is* the leg of lamb, I wonder ? ” said Mrs. Percival to herself, as she stood looking on the sideboard, where there certainly was a dish, which appeared to have been occupied, yet no other sign of meat. But wonder and conjecture will not solve a

problem : so the lady rang the bell, and Greenwood made her appearance.

“ Where is the leg of lamb, cook ? ” said Mrs. Percival, looking towards the empty dish.

“ I brought it up, ma’am, and put it on the sideboard,” answered Greenwood respectfully, but evidently with a slight quiver.

“ But you see there is no meat now on the dish,” said her mistress. “ Is it likely that any one has come in and taken it from the sideboard ? ”

“ Oh dear, no, ma’am,” replied cook. “ I never leaves the door open when you are not at home ; and there ain’t a creature been near the house all the morning ; the door’s never been once opened but to let nurse and Master Edwin in.”

“ Yes, and the little dog in too, I expect,” said Philip, who had entered the dining-room while his mamma and Greenwood had been discussing this matter. “ Why, look,

"mamma," continued he, "it is plain enough to see who's been here, for half the crust of the apple-pie is eaten off. I expect it has taken four legs to run away with one, and the crust of the pie has either followed the leg or the leg has followed the pie; I don't know which, and I suppose Carlo won't tell us if we ask him," and the mischief-loving boy indulged in a hearty laugh at his mamma's and Greenwood's expense.

Very spiteful indeed poor cook appeared to be, as she said—

"I think you needn't laugh in that way, Master Philip. It's my belief that you encourage the little black thief; leastwise, you do always try to keep him from being punished, and that's the reason why he gets wus and wus. It's very hard to be blamed for the dog's doings." And Greenwood took up the corner of her clean white apron, and applied it to her eyes, though perhaps there was not much occasion for it. "I don't

think it's right to keep a dog that brings servants into trouble," Greenwood ventured to remark, as she walked down the kitchen stairs to bring up what dinner there was left for the family.

Perhaps this time Greenwood had not been very much to blame, for she was not upon her guard ; but when, a fortnight after, a cold leg of mutton, that only a few slices had been cut from, shared a similar fate, no excuse could be offered for her. Of course on both these occasions Carlo was nowhere to be found ; he and the spoil disappeared together, but did not turn up at the same time. The bones of the two legs were not found until months after they had been stolen ; when it was discovered that the sly thief had buried them in a border of earth in the greenhouse, where, no doubt, he had made two very sumptuous Sunday meals, quite undisturbed, as no one had ever thought of looking there for him.

Much to blame as the cook certainly was with regard to this second loss, she was too obstinate to admit her fault ; all she would say was, that the sideboard was the proper place to put the cold meat upon, and it was very hard for her to be blamed for what the dog did.

“ Now, Greenwood,” said Mrs. Percival quietly, “ how foolish it is of you to talk in this way ; only acknowledge that you have been to blame in leaving temptation in the dog’s way, and nothing more need be said about it.”

But Greenwood was not going to confess any such thing, and catching at one word her mistress had uttered, she made use of it in a sense very contrary to what was intended.

“ I didn’t know, ma’am,” she said, “ that I’d had my *warning* given to me ; but I’m sure I don’t want to stay, if you like the little dog better than you like me. I’m quite

ready to go to-morrow if you wish it," said the perverse woman.

"But I do not wish any such thing, cook, and you ought to know that the *warning* I spoke of, merely meant that, remembering what Carlo had done before, you ought not to have exposed the meat in the same position for him to take it."

Thus satisfied, Greenwood walked away ; she little thought of the punishment that was in store for her that evening, all for want of taking care.

It was the custom in Mr. Percival's house always to have family prayer ; and on the Sunday evenings a sermon or lecture was read, besides the usual chapter. Nine o'clock was the time when children and servants assembled in the dining-room, and quiet reigned throughout the house, that is, for a time ; certainly on this particular evening quiet did not reign *all* the time the service continued, for there were strange unnatural

noises which appeared to come from the upper stories, and glances were exchanged, and even a few whispers passed among the young ones ; but there was no further demonstration until prayers were over, and the servants left the room, though not they alone, for there was a general inquiry, which of course no one could answer satisfactorily, What can the noise be ? Then cook and housemaid stand to listen a moment at the foot of the stairs, but it is only for a moment, for the truth having dawned upon them, suddenly they bound off like two India-rubber balls, and are at the top of the four landings in astonishingly quick time.

Mrs. Percival and Philip stood still listening at the bottom of the stairs, when they heard a shriek of laughter from Jane, and a most violent burst of indignation from Greenwood.

“ There, it’s Carlo again,” cried Philip, with

a suppressed laugh, at he knew not what, but guessed to be at cook's expense.

Just then nurse made her appearance on the landing ; she had gone up no farther than the nursery, but that was far enough for her to ascertain the cause of the noise.

"It is only Carlo, ma'am," said nurse, with a slight smile on her very quiet face. "I think he has been pulling Greenwood's caps out of her box."

"Oh, what fun !" cried the mischievous Philip, his dark eyes sparkling with delight ; "what a passion cook will be in !"

"For shame, Philip !" said Miss Percival, who had joined her mamma, and was standing in the hall with them. "Think how much harm the dog may have done ; remember the arm-chairs, and mamma's muff."

"Well, but mamma is'nt cross and passionate like cook is, saying all manner of ill-natured things ; but I don't want any harm to be done to her caps either, Annie, only *it is*

such fun, and cross people, too, deserve to be punished."

"Take care of yourself, then," cried Norman, "for you are ill-natured enough sometimes, I'm sure."

"Hush!" said Mrs. Percival, and now was heard distinctly not only the subdued lamentations of poor cook, but the feet of the little maker-of-mischief himself as he came pat, pat, pat, down the stairs. He had evidently been hiding somewhere till the storm should blow over, and did not expect a party to meet him at the bottom of the stairs, for when he came to the last landing he stood still.

"Carlo! Carlo! come down, you little stupid thing," exclaimed Philip, who was alarmed lest the avenger should *come down*, before his favourite had gained a place of safety.

Thus encouraged, the culprit descended; not indeed as if he really were a culprit, for,

once among his friends, his extravagant demonstrations of pleasure savoured more of his having done some meritorious deed than a work of destruction. But some one else is coming down the stairs ; it is Jane, who is taking to herself a quiet laugh, which, after her first effusion, she had been obliged to suppress for fear of the wrath of poor Greenwood.

“Jane, what has the noise been about ?” inquired her mistress, “what fresh mischief has Carlo been doing ?”

“Oh, ma’am,” said Jane, “I’ve been fit to die of laughing, though I am sorry for Greenwood too,—she does take on so. You never see’d such a sight in your life as Carlo’s made of all the fine caps and bonnets cook had in that large flat deal box you gave her to put them in. Aye, she was proud of them caps and bonnets, and I never saw any body have such a lot of them, but Carlo’s been and spoiled them all. When we got into the

attic, the floor was strewed all over with them ; the bows, and the trimming, and the lace, all torn off. I think he must have put his feet upon them, and torn them with his teeth ; but she should'nt have left the box open, and then he couldn't have got at them," and Jane indulged in another laugh.

"I am very sorry, indeed," said Mrs. Percival, "that cook should have met with such a loss, and I am surprised at you, Jane, laughing about it ; I think it very unkind of you. Put yourself in Greenwood's place, and you would be more disposed for sorrow than laughter."

Thus reproved, Jane walked off, and as Mrs. Percival heard Greenwood coming, and felt no wish just then to have a further scene, she withdrew to the parlour and closed the door ; while Philip, fearing that the storm might not be suffered to blow over without some harm to his favourite, took the first opportunity to step out, and carry Carlo off

to his bedroom, where, making a warm nest for him in the corner, he put Carlo into it, and bade him lie still until the morning, or it might be the worse for him ; and as if the dog knew the meaning of the implied threat, the black face, with its little white nose, was instantly hidden in the curled-up body, and Carlo was soon asleep.

As no mention of this evening's disaster was ever made by Greenwood to her mistress, it is reasonable to conclude that she took the matter as a just punishment for her own negligence ; and, as Mrs. Percival thought, it was a good lesson for her, though rather a severe one.

## CHAPTER VIII.

“ COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS  
BEFORE.”

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“ MAMMA,” said Harold one day to Mrs. Percival, not long after the occasion mentioned in the last chapter, “ Do you know that Tom Martin’s brother is dead of small pox ? ”

“ And who told you this, my dear ? ” asked his mamma, in some anxiety. “ I hope you have not been talking with Tom Martin ? ”

“ Yes, I have, mamma,” said the open-hearted boy, who never would tell a falsehood even to screen himself from punishment. “ Tom came to the stable when I was there this morning, to bring some leaves for my rabbits, and then he told me that his brother was dead.”

Mrs. Percival's heart sank within her, as she said, "Dear child, what have you done? Very likely you have taken infection, and the small pox may run through the family."

All the mother's fears were awakened in a moment by this communication, but not more so than poor Harold's, who was a particularly nervous boy. The bright colour faded from his cheeks as he said, "Mamma, do you really think that I shall have small pox?"

Mrs. Percival immediately perceived that she had done wrong in thus exciting her child's fears, and she endeavoured to draw Harold's mind from the idea by saying, "You know, my dear, I very much dislike your encouraging the children of Mrs. Martin to bring you any thing from their shop; it might lead to their taking what they ought not to do, especially as I know you often give Tom some of your pocket money."

"Oh, mamma," replied Harold, "I am

sure Tom would not for the world take any thing from his poor mother ; you should just hear how kindly he talks about her, and I know that he works very hard for her.”

“ I am very glad, indeed, that such is the case, my dear, still you must show that you love your mother by obeying her injunctions. I hope you will not again permit Tom to bring any greens to the stable.”

This order was certainly very unnecessary just now, for though Harold said nothing more about his fears, the quick eye of his mother caught the anxious expression on the child’s face ; some persons would scarcely believe in the extreme sensitiveness of one so young, but an anecdote or two of Harold will evidence this.

When a very little child, not able to speak, a violent thunder-storm occurred. Mrs. Percival was in the parlour alone with the boy, who had been playing about the room when the storm began. Suddenly he left his play,

and fixed his gaze on mamma, whose face no doubt displayed some fear, for the thunder was indeed terrific. One loud peal, and the child drew near to his mamma, though not that she might protect him, for in his bright blue eye there actually shone defiance. One moment more and a vivid flash of lightning came, when Mrs. Percival instinctively put her hand up to her eyes. Poor little Harold saw mamma's fears, and doubling his chubby fists, he went up to the window, as if to do some deed of childish daring. Alas, poor fellow! Crash, crash, went the thunder, and overpowered by the noise the little heart that had seemed so brave cowered within him, and, throwing himself on the ground, he burst into a passion of tears. The child was not two years old when this happened.

I will give my young readers another instance, in which, though I must confess I do not like to set before children the failings of their elders, I am obliged to show Mrs. Percival her-

self as being very blameable. It happened one day, when Harold was about five years old, that the children had been very teasing to their mamma, and besides this, she had had other things connected with the household to vex and annoy her. Two or three of the little ones came round making their tiresome appeals at an unfortunate moment, and Mrs. Percival said impetuously, “Dear me, children, I’m sure you’ll be the death of me!” Foolish exclamation, which a little child was to teach her the impropriety of.

Many things that morning Mrs. Percival had to engage her, and as she went from one room to another, or up and down stairs, little Harold, who was then rather lame, followed her stealthily like her shadow.

“Why do you follow me about so, my dear,” asked his mamma, without however waiting to receive an answer.

Presently Mrs. Percival stood for a moment near the window in the breakfast-room, as

if considering about something. Now was Harold's time. Throwing himself across a chair, and looking up with earnest, wistful eyes into his mamma's face, he said : "But mamma, *will you die?*" The possibility of such an event, the idea of mamma's death which she had spoken so hastily, so foolishly of, was too much for the sensitive child, and for fear of its taking place he had never lost sight of his mamma since the words were spoken. How bitterly she regretted her thoughtless and imprudent speech as she kissed the warm cheek of her loving boy, I need scarcely say, and I do believe this unintended rebuke of little Harold's was never forgotten by her when she afterwards felt any irritation on account of the children. One more illustration of Harold's warmth of feeling I will give before I return to the small pox epoch.

It was three or four years after the foregoing occurrence, and Harold had become a good

reader, and as he read poetry with much taste, Mrs. Percival often engaged him to read to her. A very sorrowful tale it fell to Harold's lot to read on this day—the Hermit of Warkworth. I would advise such of my young friends as have not perused this interesting ballad, to do so with all convenient speed. Greatly affected was poor Harold as he proceeded with the touching account of the knight and his lady love who had been stolen from him by a party of Scotch marauders. Very frequently did he interrupt himself to inquire passionately of his mamma *why* such and such things were done.

“Really, my dear Harold,” replied his mamma, “I cannot give you any information on the subject; but if you are so much affected by the narrative, you had better put the book away and not read it.”

Oh, such a thing as that was not to be thought of; but why didn't the two brothers, who had both been in search of the lady, and

one of whom had found her, make themselves known to each other. This was Harold's inquiry, which of course his mamma is unable to answer, so he goes on to the lines,

At length he cried, ye gentle pair,  
How shall I tell the rest ?  
Ere I could stop my fatal sword,  
It fell, and stabb'd her breast.

This was the climax, and it was a great deal too much for Harold, for disregarding his mamma's presence, or indeed any thing but the intensity of his own feelings, he dashed the book furiously to the other end of the room, and burst into a most passionate fit of crying, in which Mrs. Percival thought proper to indulge him at least for a time. Harold had given his mamma another lesson, which she had not learned so well as the first, or she would have been more guarded in the small pox affair—to which we must now return.

A week passed after this interview of

the boys in the stable, and then Harold was taken ill ; no word of alarm was spoken, but of course the doctor was sent for, and he pronounced the complaint to be chicken pox. Mrs. Percival, however, knew better, and she explained to that gentleman why she did not entertain the same idea as himself ; but the doctor stood his ground : it was chicken pox, and nothing else. I believe medical gentlemen do not like to have their judgment called in question, and our good doctor was certainly no exception to the general rule, though I think he was one of the best men that ever lived.

Mrs. Percival was firm in her first belief ; she felt confident, that the pustules which had made their appearance, few in number, belonged to no other eruption than the one she had spoken of ; she only said, however, “ Well, doctor, time will show,” and time, a very short time, did show.

Three days later, and good Mr. Damer, we

shall call the doctor by this name, pronounced the complaint to be none other than the much dreaded small pox. At this time poor Harold was quite delirious, though he had very few pustules on him, none at all on his face. Philip also began to show symptoms of infection, and the fear was naturally enough entertained that the complaint would go through the house.

Then came the hours of anxious watching for the fond mother—the weary days, the sad uneasy nights.

“Lie still, my darling,” said Mrs. Percival to the ever restless Harold, as he rolled from side to side of his little bed, in a state of half insensibility.

“How *can* I lie still, mamma,” answered the poor child, “when I have been shot a mile? am I not all in pieces?”

But Harold, though for more than a week very ill, speedily got the turn, and was pronounced by the doctor quite out of danger.

But this relief to the mother was only so far as he was concerned, for poor Philip's case appeared likely to be one of much greater danger, and of more protracted suffering.

Full of exuberant spirits as the boy was when in health, the disease seemed to take peculiar hold of him both in body and mind. Covered from head to foot with pustules, and at one time quite blind, who could have known the bright intelligent boy of a fortnight ago, to be this frightfully disfigured object, of whom even the physician seemed afraid of coming in contact? The first night of his delirium was a frightful night for Mrs. Percival. Not apprehending anything worse than in Harold's case, she sat up alone with her suffering boy, and with intense mental pain she listened to, or tried to soothe the various woes which poor Philip believed himself subjected to. Sometimes he thought that a whole regiment of soldiers had crowded into his room, and were pre-

pared to fall upon him. Then all at once they would be changed into a set of men smoking, and Philip could not breathe, and mamma was entreated to put them out. Then again, she was prayed to come and help him to kill the centipedes which were crawling all over the bed, and the tears would course down the sufferer's cheeks as he darted his fingers rapidly from one to the other of the supposed noxious insects.

So the weary night passed away, and other nights and days equally painful, except that use had softened down the first terrors.

At last Philip declared he could no longer lie in that bed, and this impression was so strong upon him that it was found quite necessary to bring another bedstead, a small one, into the room, and to remove him to it.

And now, for a quarter of an hour, he actually remained in peace, to the great joy of Mrs. Percival, who believed this move to have been indeed a very effectual one. Alas,

alas, it was only the quarter of an hour's tranquillity, and then Philip discovered that lots of little monkeys were scrambling up the curtains, and he strove with all the strength of his delirium to catch the nimble fellows, which still eluded his grasp, until he fell back on his pillow exhausted with his efforts.

During all this trying time, no one could do anything with Philip but mamma. Once when she left the room for a short time, committing him to the care of his sister and a servant, she was summoned back with cries from his chamber,—“Oh, mamma, come up, come up”; and on reaching the landing, there was Philip standing in his shirt, glaring wildly at his two keepers, and making desperate efforts to get away from them. The moment his mamma made her appearance he slunk back to bed without a word, but looking very, very angry.

He would often say the most unkind

things to good Mrs. Percival, while she was tending on him with the greatest care, the most solicitous affection. Of course she knew he was not accountable while in this state, for Philip was a dear lover of his mother, though from the volatility of his character he did often give her much cause of uneasiness. Now all her care, and thought, and prayer was for his speedy recovery, for the doctors began to give hope ; and patiently she watched still by his bedside to mark returning consciousness. It came at last after a quiet sleep of some hours, and his first words when he awoke were—“Mamma ! where are you, mamma ?” For though Mrs. Percival was sitting by the bedside, the poor fellow could not see her.

“What do you want, my dear Philip ?” said his mother, leaning over him.

“Oh, mamma, I cannot see you,” said the agitated boy. “Am I really blind ?”

“No, no, my child,” replied she, yet not

without fear and trembling. “I will get some warm water and bathe your eyes ; you will be all right soon, I hope.”

Philip again laid his head upon the pillow, from which he had raised it for a moment, while Mrs. Percival, uttering a fervent thanksgiving for the recovery of his reason, began to busy herself with bathing Philip’s eyes with water and sponge.

“I can see—I can just see you, mamma,” joyfully ejaculated the invalid ; and from the swollen and still nearly closed eyes a gush of hot tears came pouring down the sadly disfigured face, which Philip hid in the pillow, where also he stifled his sobs.

He was of course very weak both in body and mind ; his mamma did not disturb this burst of natural emotion ; she quietly permitted it to subside before she again spoke.

“Where’s Carlo, mamma ?” were Philip’s next words. “I should so like him to come up.”

“Carlo, my dear, is safe, and happy enough ; he has, I believe, been generally Edwin’s companion while you have been ill. He shall come up when you are a little stronger.”

“Poor little Edwin,” said Philip ; “has he had the small pox, mamma ?”

“No, thank God,” said Mrs. Percival, “he has not taken the infection, or I could not have been so constantly at your bedside as I have been, my dear boy.”

“Thank you very much, for all that you have done and suffered for me, dear mamma,” said the affectionate Philip. “I hope I may live to repay your love and kindness.”

“Amen,” ejaculated his mother. “But now you must take some barley-water, and let me put you in a little order, for the doctor will be here soon ; and I wish you to appear to the greatest advantage in his sight.”

“Let me look at myself,” said Philip.  
“Am I much altered, mamma?”

“Oh, I can’t think of such a thing, at present. You must wait till you can open your eyes wide enough to know yourself again,” said Mrs. Percival, determined that the poor fellow should not receive such a shock as the sight of his own face was likely to give him, until he was at least better able to bear it. “You know, Philip, dear,” she continued, “now you are a little better we must take great care to prevent any relapse —don’t you think so, my boy?”

“Oh, yes, mamma, I will just do what you tell me. I do indeed want to get well, and so I will be patient.”

Slowly and gradually, day by day, there was an improvement; and Philip was soon able to leave his room, where he had been three weeks confined, and join his brothers and sisters.

How glad they all were to have the lively

one among them again, though, poor fellow, he was strangely altered ; some would scarcely have known him for the same delicate, dark-eyed, sprightly schoolboy he had been a month before. There was one, however, who knew him well enough amidst the little party. Carlo was most extravagant in his demonstrations ; as Miss Percival said, "his joy knew no bounds."

Philip, however, who had lost none of his originality, declared she was quite mistaken, for that Carlo's joy knew plenty of *bounds*, for it had shown itself in scarcely any other way since he came into the parlour.

Of course there was a laugh at this, which the dog perhaps conceiving to be in approval of his antics, he became more and more elated, leaping first on one lap and then on another, licking faces all over in no very agreeable manner, until at last he quietly settled down beside Philip in the arm-chair, where both soon fell fast asleep.

## CHAPTER IX.

### FURTHER DEPREDATIONS.

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ALL now were again restored to health in Mr. Percival's family, and the usual order once more reigned. During the time of sickness Carlo's habits, whether bad or good, had been very little attended to ; indeed, he had almost taken up his abode in the nursery, where there was nothing but peace and quietness, for Mary was a model nurse, and as for little Edwin, it was a common remark in the house that no one ever heard him cry ; in fact, he was almost too quiet.

No wonder if under these favourable auspices Carlo learnt to behave better, but whatever he really did learn during those few weeks it will be seen he was quite ready

to unlearn, as soon as opportunity of mischief presented itself.

“Helen, my dear,” said Mrs. Percival to her second daughter, “your sister and I are going shopping this afternoon, do you feel any inclination to go with us?”

“Oh, no, mamma, thank you,” replied Helen, “I would much rather stay at home and read; I have got two new magazines which will be a great deal more interesting to me than shopping.”

“Just as you please, my dear; we shall not, I daresay, be in before tea-time; Jane, you know, is out for her holiday, so of course cook will attend to the door, and bring the tea-things up.”

“All right, mamma,” said Helen, quite impatient to get to her books and enjoy the quiet luxury of a whole afternoon to herself. There was now no fear of interruption, for the young gentlemen had gone to a boarding school after the midsummer holidays, so

Miss Helen was soon deeply involved in some imaginary woes, or it might be pleasures for aught I know.

Her abstraction was so great that she did not notice Greenwood when, at the proper time, she brought in the tea-things and arranged them on the table, to which Miss Helen had her back turned. All things, however, have an end, and the chapter which had so much engrossed the young lady's attention had drawn to a close, so Helen looked round and took notice that the tea-things were on the table, all but the urn, which of course must not be brought up until her mamma came home. No, there was something else wanting ; Greenwood had forgotten to bring a slice of butter, an omission not to be much wondered at, as she only had to attend to Jane's duty once in a month.

Helen Percival rang the bell, and the summons was immediately answered by the steady domestic. "Greenwood," said the

young lady, "I rang for the butter, you have forgotten to bring it up."

"No, indeed, Miss Helen, I'm sure I did bring some butter up, and put it upon the table."

"Where is it, then?" asked Helen, rather annoyed at cook's answer; "I see no butter, Greenwood!"

"Well, I'm a'most sure that I brought a slice up, Miss Helen, but I'll see if I left it on the table in the kitchen."

"Oh, I daresay you have," replied Helen, turning again to her book, and commencing a fresh chapter, the contents of which appeared to be equally attractive with the former one, so that the tea, the butter, and the cook were soon out of mind as well as out of sight. But the evening is rather closing in, and Helen's second chapter, or third, or fourth, or whatever it might be, is finished; and now she gives another glance towards the table.

“No butter now, I declare!” said she, in an angry tone. “Greenwood is very tiresome when she takes it into her head to be so, but I shall make her bring up the butter before mamma comes home”; so Miss Helen once more rings the bell, a little more sharply this time, and once more cook makes her appearance.

“I asked you to bring up a slice of butter some time ago,” said the young lady, in rather an injured tone, but she was answered in one of indignation, for evidently Greenwood thought that some trick had been played off upon her.

“And so I did bring some butter, Miss Helen, when you told me, and I think you might have seen me come into the room with it,” said the little woman, greatly excited.

“Where is it, then, if you did bring it?” replied Helen, with a great deal of dignity in her manner for a young lady. “I did not see you bring it, certainly, and you yourself

see that there is not any butter on the table."

"Miss Helen," said the cook, very emphatically, "I know that I did bring the butter; and you must have hidden it, miss," she continued, "on purpose, I suppose, to vex me, and I shall tell your mamma of it, miss, as soon as ever she comes home." This outburst of Greenwood's,—who, though she was very hot-tempered, was always respectful to the family, reserving her hard speeches for her fellow servants—quite took Helen by surprise, but, drawing herself up, and looking as grave as possible, she said—

"You can tell mamma just what you please, Greenwood. You surely don't suppose that I would condescend to play off a foolish trick on you; do you take me for a child?"

"Well, Miss Helen, I don't care, but I'll stick to it that I brought up the butter when you told me, and so I'se a'most sure that I

brought some up when I first came up with the tray, but I'll go down now and bring up some more, and we shall see," said cook, as she flounced out of the room, leaving Helen in no humour to resume her reading, for she began seriously to think what could have become of the butter if cook had really brought it up, as she persisted in saying she had. "If Carlo were at home," said Helen to herself, "the mystery would soon have been explained, but Carlo went out with mamma and Annie. Well," she added, "I don't know what to make of it." Just as she had made up her mind to this, Greenwood came back, plate in hand, and putting it down upon the tea-table, she said, "Now, Miss Helen, you do see that I have brought the butter this time, and here's the plate that the other slice was on ; I shall leave it till your mamma comes home."

"Very well," replied Helen drily ; and she glanced towards the plate and then turned

away, but only until Greenwood had left the room, then she again looked round, and saw—what do you think, gentle reader?—the black head of the wicked little dog, whom she had seen go out with her mamma (but who had been put in doors again by that lady), just in the very act of seizing the slice of butter off the plate. There were the two white paws upon the table, and the neck on full stretch, but not the slightest sound to be heard. Of course he had swallowed both the other slices that Greenwood really had brought up, and expected to make away with the third slice in the same manner. I should remark that he was very fond of butter. Mrs. Percival herself met him one day coming up the kitchen steps with a whole pound between his teeth, the two ends sticking out on each side of his great mouth.

“Now, I *will* have you punished, you most disgraceful little thief,” said Helen, as she once more rang the bell to bring the offended

party up, and to apologise to her for having disputed her word ; for Helen Percival was quite ready to admit a fault when it was plain that she had committed one, a practice which not only saves much trouble, but induces a kindly feeling towards the offender. “ I assure you that I am very sorry, Greenwood, for the trouble you have had, and the vexation you must have felt. I certainly never thought of Carlo’s being at home, because he went out at the front door with mamma. She must have sent him in again ; but then how could he get into the dining-room ? ”

“ Oh, Miss Helen,” replied cook, whose angry feelings had all passed away, “ you know what a little quiet sly thing he is when he’s bent upon mischief. He’d come into the room, I dare say, when I brought the tea-things up.”

“ Well, take him away, Greenwood, and mind you give him a beating this time, for

he is a deceitful little creature as well as a thief. He made not the very slightest noise, or I must have heard him."

Greenwood was quite satisfied with the apology Helen had made, seconded as it was with the permission to punish the delinquent, with whom she walked off down stairs immediately, lest Mr. or Mrs. Percival coming in might choose to interfere with Carlo's chastisement, and prevent her from giving the discipline which she considered so necessary, and which certainly had been richly deserved.

To any other dog than Carlo it might have seemed dull in the house when the boys were away at school, but he certainly was not like other dogs ; as the spirit of mischief prevailed in him, so the desire and determination of providing for himself were strong within him also. He was in truth a most selfish little animal.

Mr. Percival frequently took him to his

office when he went into the town in the morning, and from thence Carlo continually went on marauding expeditions, visiting the butchers' and confectioners' shops most indefatigably, and never coming away empty either in stomach or mouth. He always provided for himself, and it was no use to cry "Stop thief!" when once he had secured his prize, for he was fleet as the wind, and his adventure with the leg of lamb and the mutton, which I have recorded, will show my readers that he had sufficient strength to carry off a piece of meat half as large as himself. As to tarts and pies, he made but one mouthful of each, and might swallow two or three before he was noticed, he was so very expert in taking, and, as Philip would say, he was indeed "*a taking dog.*" Often and often had things to be paid for which "your little dog has stolen, sir, if you please," but which did *not* please Mr. Percival, though he paid for them while he grumbled.

Twenty times had Carlo been caught, corrected, beaten, banished, but he always returned without ticket of leave. One day it happened that Mr. Percival had to go home in the course of the forenoon. It was about half-past twelve o'clock, the time when working people go to their dinner.

In passing a small house Mr. Percival saw, as the door stood wide open, a round table set out with a clean cloth, and plates, knives, and forks, and in the middle a piece of cold meat ; the dinner evidently laid ready for the goodman, whose wife was now looking for him out of an upstairs window. All this was seen by Mr. Percival at a glance, of course ; but, alas ! somebody else had seen at least a part of this pleasing picture, and the result was certainly anything but pleasing to the chief parties concerned. Not ten yards from the door had Mr. Percival got, when Carlo dashed past him with the poor man's dinner in his mouth, and if he was then on his road

home, he might have seen what had been provided for him carried off in this most unsatisfactory manner.

“We must get rid of Carlo,” said Mrs. Percival, when her husband related what had occurred. “He will, I am persuaded, never be any better: he is the greatest thief I ever heard of. It is almost a disgrace to keep such a dog.”

“Nonsense, my dear,” replied her husband; “you surely would not send the pretty creature away, when all the children are so fond of him, especially Edwin: I don’t know how he would get on without Carlo.”

Evidently Mr. Percival was very fond of this little dog himself, and he knew how to make the strongest appeal to mamma, who said—

“Well, I suppose we must keep him; but we must either try to teach him better manners, or keep him at home: it is

very unfair to let other people suffer by him."

And so it was determined that Carlo should go no more out, or, at least, not to the office with his master.

## CHAPTER X.

### CARLO PAYS A BRIDAL VISIT.

---

IT was a very short time after the determination of keeping Carlo at home had been come to that a newly-married lady, a very intimate friend of Mrs. Percival, called to see her after an absence of some months, and to give her the agreeable intelligence that Mr. Kenyon, her husband, had taken a house not very far from Mr. Percival's abode, where he intended to reside at least during the approaching winter.

“I am so glad, dear Mrs. Percival, that we shall be near you again ; I hope we shall often see one another. Oh, what a lovely little dog !” said the lady, as Carlo, in his free-and-easy way, leaped upon her lap, and

began playing with her cuffs and biting her gloves. "I never saw such a beautiful creature in my life before. I would give anything for such a sweet pet," added she, caressing and fondling the sleek, sly thing.

"You would be very glad to get rid of him again, before you had had him a week, my dear Mrs. Kenyon. Carlo is not at all a desirable inmate in a house, I assure you: for he is the greatest plague I ever knew," said his mistress.

"Oh, pray don't say so, dear Mrs. Percival. I think you must be mistaken about him. I can't believe that such a pretty fellow is so naughty as you represent him to be."

"I will give you leave to make trial of the truth of my statement, if you dare venture to do so. Indeed, I would gladly give Carlo to you altogether, if my husband and the children would consent; but this I know they would not, for Carlo's mischievous tricks do not affect them as much as they do

me. They have the pleasure of the dog, and I have the trouble," said Mrs. Percival, seeming rather vexed at this idea. "However," she added, "the boys are not at home now, so if you like, my dear Mrs. Kenyon, by all means take the sly little creature, who *seems* so very fond of you, home for a week, or at least till you or Mr. Kenyon are tired of him."

"*Tired* of him ! Oh, that we should never be : at least, I must speak only for myself, for I really don't know whether Charles likes dogs or not."

"If he *had* liked them, I think you would have known by this time, my dear," replied her friend,

"Well, but I am quite convinced that he must like this sweet little thing," said the younger lady ; "and I am so much obliged to you, dear Mrs. Percival, for letting me have him—for a week, didn't you say ?"

"For as long as you like to keep him,

dear, that is the bargain, unless he is particularly inquired after by Edwin, or by my husband : in which case Annie or Helen, or nurse and Edwin, will come to reclaim him," said Mrs. Percival, on whom the use of the word *reclaim* seemed to strike ominously, for she added, "I must warn you against Carlo's tricks, before you are made a sufferer by them. Take care of your new chairs, sofas, and ottomans ; for he is a destructive dog. Take care of your store-room and pantry, for he is what an Irishman would certainly call 'a thief of the world ;' in fact, nothing is safe that he can put his paws upon, and he cannot be reclaimed."

"Ah, how cruel it is of your mistress to give you such a shocking character, dear little pet," said Mrs. Kenyon, stroking and fondling the lively gay deceiver. "You will go with me, darling, won't you ?" in token of assent to which, Carlo expressed himself in his usual manner of licking the

lady's face all over, rather, it must be owned, to her disgust than satisfaction, for she gently put him down, and prepared to take leave.

"There is no fear whatever of his not following you, my dear," said Mrs. Percival, as she bade good-bye to her visitor; "he has, I am sorry to say, no particular liking for anybody but himself; and therefore, in this matter as well as in others, Carlo is unlike the rest of his kind. Mind," added she, "I fully expect that you will be only too glad, before many days are over, to bring him back to us again."

"Oh, nothing of the kind—nothing of the kind; I only wish I could be allowed to keep him always," was the lady's reply as she tripped down the flight of steps, Carlo dancing after her in the most exuberant spirits apparently, but in reality—

Well, I won't say any more just now in his disfavour. Away he went by the side of

Mrs. Kenyon, his little white feet touching the ground as daintily as if their owner feared to soil them by coming in contact with the black cindery pathway so very general in the neighbourhood of this huge manufacturing town. He never gave one parting glance, cast not *one* longing, lingering look behind.

"Mamma," said Miss Percival, as she and her sister came in from their morning walk, "we have just been talking with Mrs. Kenyon. She has got Carlo with her, and she seems quite delighted at the idea of having him with her for a week. Poor Edwin will miss the little fellow, and so will papa, I know."

"I am very glad that Mrs. Kenyon has taken him," responded Helen; "I wish she would keep him altogether, for he is a great plague in the house."

"No, not a *great* plague, certainly," replied her elder sister. "He is little enough

in himself, and he is a lively, playful fellow ; if we *could* only teach him better manners, I for one should be very sorry to part with him ; indeed, as it is, I should be sorry for papa and Edwin's sake. However, there is not the least fear that Mrs. Kenyon will wish to keep him even as long as mamma has given her permission to do so."

"No, that she won't," chimed in Helen ; "for I know well enough he will soon make himself a most unwelcome guest."

"Do you know, mamma," said Annie, "the little ungrateful creature would not take the slightest notice of me or Helen. I am not so much surprised about her as for myself, for Helen never does show Carlo any favour, but I have always been kind to him, yet he wouldn't come near me, but kept fawning round Mrs. Kenyon, as if she had always been his protector ; and he was so partial to her."

"That's what I don't like him for, more

than because he has such tricks," replied Helen. "There is nothing noble, or generous, or faithful, about Carlo, such as we read of in other dogs."

"Well, well, my dears, we must take him as he is, I suppose, and keep him too, it appears: after all, it is only a *dog* we are discussing. I wish there were no *people* in the world with a fair exterior and much inward deception," said Mrs. Percival.

"I expect," remarked Helen, "that Mrs. Kenyon will find Carlo rather troublesome among her beautiful new ottomans and stools that she has been telling us about, and inviting us to come and see. May we go, mamma, to-morrow? I should so like to take a pattern or two for stools."

"You may go to-morrow afternoon, if you like, my dears," said their mamma; "and then, if Mrs. Kenyon is tired of her canine imposition, you can bring him home with you." And thus the matter was settled.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE RESULTS OF CARLO'S VISIT.

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IT was a very fine morning the day following Mrs. Kenyon's visit to her friend in the Square. Little Edwin and nurse were prepared to go for their usual walk,—but where is their constant attendant, Carlo?

“I have been looking all over the house for him, ma'am,” said Mary. “I can't think where he can have hidden himself, and Master Edwin will not go without him.”

“No—I want Carlo, mamma,” said Edwin's pleading voice, the sound of which made Mrs. Percival repent of having sent the little dog away.

“You *must* go without him, darling, this morning, for Carlo is not at home now;

when he comes in I will send him to you immediately," and with this promise the quiet child was content. "I know where Carlo is, Mary," whispered Mrs. Percival to nurse, as she went out, "and I expect it will not be long before you see him again."

This was the firm impression on that lady's mind ; and a faithful impression it turned out to be. It was about one o'clock in the day when, not at all to Mrs. Percival's surprise, the servant once more announced Mrs. Kenyon and "the little dog ;"—the first looking a melancholy picture of the disappointment of "great expectations," the second, dancing into the room as jauntily as if he expected every one to salute him with all possible demonstrations of "welcome home."

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Percival," said the visiter, with a sorrowful shake of the head, and taking her seat as if she had a weight of trouble upon her, "I am come to tell you that I found all true that you had said,

and to bring back this naughty little dog. If I had only taken your friendly warning as I ought to have done," continued she, "what a world of trouble and vexation I should have been spared; but I must tell you from first to last all about it."

"First, let me say, my dear," said Mrs. Percival, "that I am not in the least surprised to see Carlo brought back so soon—it is, in fact, just what I expected; and now let me hear what this seemingly unconscious mischief has been doing. No great harm, I hope."

"You shall hear, my dear Mrs. Percival, and judge for yourself. On leaving your house yesterday, I met your daughters on their way home, and I naturally thought and feared that Carlo would want to return with them; but he did not evince the slightest desire to leave me. You would have thought that I was his mistress, and that he did not know them. Annie, or Helen, I don't know

which it was, warned me of his tricks, as you had done before ; but I felt myself quite secure. It would be a pity, I thought, if I, who had so little to engage my time and attention, could not take care of Carlo for a week. Oh, but I have had my good opinion of myself considerably lowered, I assure you, since yesterday ; by Carlo too : so he has done some good, if he has also done much harm. But I must proceed with my eventful story. After I parted from Annie and Helen I went straight home, for I thought I would not run any risk of losing the dog ; and, indeed, I had another motive for haste, because it was near the dinner hour.

“ When I arrived home, I saw a man standing at the door, and a barrow with fish in it, I supposed. When the servant opened the door, I desired her to tell the man that we did not want any fish, and without, at the moment, thinking of Carlo, I ran up-stairs to take off my bonnet and cloak. I heard the

man still pressing Sarah to buy, and I presume by his thus lingering he was the chief cause of the mischief that ensued. No, perhaps I ought not to say the chief cause ; I it was who ought to have taken care, but I feared that I was rather late, and I knew dear Charles was punctual, so that altogether I felt hurried, and thus it happened that Carlo was forgotten. It was a terrible mistake of mine, and I paid dearly for making it. Before I was quite ready to go down I heard my husband's rap at the door. Then I thought of the dog, and wondered whether he would be vexed at my bringing him home, for Charles is very particular. At last I heard him calling me, and down I ran ; but Charles was all alone,—there was no Carlo in the room. When I said, 'Where's the little dog, my dear ?' he looked quite surprised. 'Dog, Fanny dear ? I have seen no dog. What do you mean ?' 'Oh, Charles,' I exclaimed, almost ready to cry for fright,

‘haven’t you seen a little black Italian grey-hound, that belongs to Mrs. Percival, and which she let me bring home this morning, because I admired him so much, and he seemed so fond of me?’ ‘I tell you, my dear,’ replied Charles, rather pettishly I thought, ‘I have not seen any dog since I came into the house.’ ‘Nor about the door?’ I again inquired, ‘for I am sure Carlo came to the door with me. I saw him on the steps when Sarah opened it, but I was in such a hurry to take my things off that I ran straight up-stairs without noticing whether he followed. Oh, what shall I do if he is lost?—such a favourite as he is with Mr. Percival and the children, especially with little Edwin. To think,’ I added, ‘that I should have taken him under my care and have been so careless as to lose him.’ Then I rang for Sarah to ask her respecting the dog. ‘Yes, ma’am,’ said the girl, ‘I did see a little black dog near the fish-man’s barrow,

but I thought he belonged to the man, and I am quite sure he did not come into the house, for I shut the door while the dog was standing at the barrow.' Notwithstanding this statement, we all three searched upstairs and down, and in closets and cupboards, and under tables and beds, but to no purpose. Charles said very seriously, 'It is a great mistake of yours, dear Fanny, to have taken the little dog under your care.' I know very well that he meant without taking care of it, only he was too kind to say this. At last Charles said, 'Have you looked in the drawing-room?' 'Oh, sir,' answered Sarah, 'it is no use looking there, for the door has not been opened since mistress came in.' 'Perhaps not,' said my husband, 'but the window may be open, and it is quite near enough to the ground for the dog to jump in.' Wasn't it a bright thought of Charles's? I bounded past him and opened the drawing-room door, Charles and Sarah close behind me; and oh! what

a sight presented itself. I declare, dear Mrs. Percival, I felt quite sick and faint when, under the table, on our beautiful new Brussels carpet, we discovered this terrible little dog, tearing and worrying with all his might a large cod's head which I suppose he must have stolen from the fish-man's barrow while he was teasing Sarah to buy some fish, and as the drawing-room window was open he had jumped in to escape detection from the man. As Charles said, the window is very near the ground, or it would have been impossible for such a small animal to have leaped in with the head of the fish in his mouth. When we found him he had almost torn it to pieces, and dragged and scattered it about in such a way as I cannot describe ; neither can I attempt to describe my own vexation, for I felt that I was entirely to blame.

“I wanted to put on my bonnet, and without staying for any dinner, to bring Carlo

home to you immediately, but my husband said, 'No, dear Fanny, not until to-morrow ; we will take care now that Carlo does not do any more mischief while he remains with us.' Oh, dear Mrs. Percival," said the young bride, "I would not, for all the pretty dogs in the world, vex dear Charles as I know he was then vexed, though he said so little to me ; but that only made me the more sorry for what had happened."

"Well, my dear," replied Mrs. Percival, "while I am really grieved at the trouble you have experienced on Carlo's account, I cannot take any of your blame on my own shoulders. I warned you, did I not ? I told you that you would be only too glad to get rid of him before the time you specified."

"Oh yes, that is all true," replied the poor lady. "I know I am the only person to blame, and I am rightly punished ; but I have only told you a part of the chapter of accidents ; I must confide the whole to you

before I take my leave. As soon as my husband had gone out this morning, which was about eleven o'clock, I put on my bonnet and shawl and set off for a walk, taking Carlo with me, of course, because I intended to bring him home to you. I had a very pleasant ramble, and Carlo was as frisky and merry as if he had been the most properly behaved dog in the world, instead of the most deceptive one. In crossing towards the Square our road lay through Park Street, where a friend of ours—and I believe a friend of yours also—lives, Mrs. Marsden."

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Percival, "I know her well."

"I am sorry to say that she has been for a long time in a delicate state of health. I had been told as much, and I had a great desire to see her; so, thinking there could be no harm in taking Carlo with me, I rang the bell, and inquired if I could see Mrs.

Marsden, sending my card to her when the servant had shown us into the drawing-room. Very soon a message came that our friend would be glad if I would walk into her sitting-room, which she was not yet permitted to leave. Now Carlo had certainly followed me into the drawing-room ; that I knew, for I watched him peeping about at everything, as if to ascertain whether there was any portable article for him to carry off. Then he stretched himself out on the hearth-rug ; and when I followed the servant to the smaller sitting-room, I did not notice whether Carlo made one of the party. Nor when I saw our friend looking so thin and pale, had I a thought to spare for the little dog. But it very soon appeared that he had a thought for himself, for while Mrs. Marsden and I were in the midst of an interesting conversation, in walked this most impudent little fellow with a trussed rabbit in his mouth, stolen

from the kitchen, and putting it down on the carpet, was just going to commence his feast when I quietly took it from him, and, I must do Carlo the justice to say, without the slightest opposition on his part. The rabbit was consigned to a salver that was on the table, until the cook should come to claim her lost viand, which would indeed have been entirely lost to her, if it had not been for Carlo's peculiar fancy for eating his dinner off a Brussels carpet. He showed not the slightest sign of anger at his disappointment, but leaping upon our friend's knee he began to claim acquaintance in his usual winning manner, and poor Mrs. Marsden seemed quite amused with the adventure, and delighted with the graceful little fellow, as she called him. As for me, I made up my mind to make no more calls while I had such a winning companion by my side : so here we are, dear Mrs. Percival ; and though I have had some trouble, I feel that I have received

some benefit to set against the trouble. I shall not again give way so easily to a covetous feeling ; and dear Charles shall have no rival in my affections in little dogs, however beautiful they may be."

So saying, Mrs. Kenyon took leave, while Carlo, quite unconscious that he had been the theme of that lady's discourse, and, so it seemed, equally unconscious of having done anything to exclude him from the rights and privileges of his home, after taking the usual number of turns, laid himself quietly down on the hearthrug to sleep.

For a long time after this affair Carlo really did behave so well, that it appeared as if his short disastrous visit had done him some good ; so, when the young gentlemen returned from school, there were very satisfactory accounts to give of their favourite ; though my young readers may rest assured that the relation of his visit to Mrs. Kenyon, his sumptuous dinner on the Brussels carpet

from the cod's head, and his attempt to finish off the meal at Mrs. Marsden's from the trussed rabbit, was most graphically entered into by their sisters, and formed quite a merry Christmas tale ; but it was decided that Carlo was becoming a much better behaved dog, had laid aside his vulgar curiosity for inspecting the inside of chairs and cushions, and even it was believed by some that his thievish habits had been cast aside, and that his childish taste for pastry and sweets had given place to a more healthful appetite. Alas ! the latter conclusions had been too easily entertained, as the sequel of my tale will show. Though Carlo was now on all hands pronounced to be " a good little dog," he was, I am sorry to say, only good for want of opportunity ; and yet this lull in his evil propensities enabled Mr. Percival, when consigning Carlo to the care of a gentleman—a friend who consented to take him under his protection for a time—to speak

of the dog as one that would give but slight trouble, and would never want to leave the house. This latter fact was correct enough, and Carlo's master actually believed, when giving him a good character to his next place, that he only spoke the truth. But, if "our little dog" had become so demure, so domestic, so changed for the better, why was Mr. Percival going now to part with him? I shall explain in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE VOYAGE TO THE END.

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AT the time I spoke of in my last chapter, Mr. Percival and his family were on the eve of removing from the busy manufacturing town, where they had been resident many years, for the still more busy Metropolis ; and thinking rightly, that in the hurry and bustle of removal Carlo, both for his own sake and that of the family, would be better out of the way, he had asked the friend before alluded to if he would receive the dog until they were properly settled in London, whither this gentleman intended to go in a month's time. All things were thus properly arranged, and very satisfactory it seemed to Carlo, who could so easily accom-

modate himself, as we have before seen, to new friends, new faces, new places. *He* had no trouble of mind at leaving his companions, whatever sorrow the young party felt at leaving him.

And now he is fairly domiciled at the friend's house, who, being a bachelor, is glad enough of the little dog's company, and here, we strongly suspect from over indulgence, all Carlo's thievish propensities broke out again.

“Why, what a terrible little fellow this is that you have left with me, my dear Percival,” wrote the friend to that gentleman. “I don't think I should have accepted the charge of him so readily if I had known him as well as I now do. I can't tell you how much I have paid for him at Mrs. Sweeting's for tarts and cheese-cakes, which *she* says he has stolen, but which I am very apt to suspect *she* connives at, or at least does not take proper care to prevent. I shall have a long bill to bring in against you for extra

board, for whatever he may get in that way does not at all hinder or impair his appetite for the more wholesome food he finds in bachelor fare. Then, as to the butcher, I leave him to take out his account with Carlo himself in kicks and cuffs, which I suspect he does not get as many of as he deserves, seeing that he returns to the attack very often, which I am sure to hear of in a disagreeable way. 'I wish you'd keep that plaguy little dog of yours in the house, mister, and not let him come here, runnin' off with bits of meat as he does a'most every day. It's my belief he'd clear the shop if he were left in it any time. Maybe he'll get more than he likes some o' these days if you don't keep him in.' But the time is short that Carlo will be with me now, and perhaps he will behave better when he has the example of the children, and the care of your good lady again. I am coming to town by sailing vessel; an odd freak, you will say, but I

have my reasons, which I will explain when I see you. I hope Carlo won't take it into his head to leap overboard, though as I have given him a *bad name*, and he is therefore doomed to be *hanged*, there is no danger of drowning for him."

The family of Mr. Percival had, after a rather tedious journey, and a week's discomfort in lodgings, at last been comfortably settled in the outskirts of the huge metropolis, and it was very fortunate that they had left Carlo behind, for assuredly he would have greatly added to their trouble, though in his anxiety to take his pet away with him, poor little Edwin had made many promises of taking care of the dog himself. He was soon reconciled, however, and he found plenty of fresh objects of interest in the novel scenes around him. This, no doubt, was the case also with the other boys ; but I am bound to declare that in the midst of all Carlo was not forgotten, as he appeared to have for-

gotten them ; and indeed, to use a common phrase, so continually did Carlo forget himself, by plundering in the neighbourhood, that his temporary protector lost all patience with him, and to prevent further complaints and pecuniary loss, Carlo had, for the first time in his life, to submit to the degradation of being made a close prisoner, which was only to be effected by tying him up, thus subjecting him to the danger of his hanging himself in his various and ridiculous attempts to get free.

At length the day arrived in which the young gentleman, with his lively companion, were to embark for London, and I have now to give my readers the narration, which I myself heard from this friend, of Carlo's behaviour on board the vessel, and to describe, finally, his meeting and parting with his old friends the Percivals. I had better, perhaps, give the gentleman's own account of the voyage as he related it in person on the

evening of his arrival, very much to the amusement of the juveniles of the party by whom he was surrounded, and by whom Carlo, notwithstanding all that could be brought against him, was considered the most engaging, the most interesting little dog that ever lived. But to the voyage.

“As might have been expected,” said Mr. ——, “on board Carlo was an universal favourite with the sailors, though, perhaps, had they known his thieving propensities, as Jack Tars are proverbial for honesty, they would not have liked him quite so well. But this was a subject on which I did not think proper to enlighten them ; so Carlo enjoyed his short-lived popularity as much as any hero on the stage. He had plenty of biscuit and cheese given to him, of both of which he was remarkably fond ; but nothing seemed to come amiss to him in the way of eating, for though he perhaps preferred dainties, he never refused food because it was common,

indeed, it was truly astonishing to see the quantity the little fellow would swallow." All the young people laughed heartily at this account of Carlo, of the truth of which they had had experience, and they thought, too, of the pastry which Carlo had consumed at their friend's expense. "Well," continued the gentleman, "any one might have thought that Carlo had fared pretty well, and that having had so much food given to him, he would have felt no inclination to go on a marauding expedition; though for that matter he had not far to go, certainly; but this was not Carlo's view of the case; he, if he thought at all, agreed with the poet, who says,

'They should *take* who have the power,'

and Carlo is the most *taking* dog that ever I saw.

"About two hours after we came on board, Carlo was missing, and though the vessel was searched as strictly as if custom-house officers

had been looking for contraband goods, there was no trace whatever of him, and all came to the melancholy conclusion that the pretty little dog had leaped overboard in one of his frantic moods, and was drowned ; and long faces were drawn, and many expressions of sorrow were ejaculated on all sides. I must confess I was dreadfully disconcerted, because I did not know how to face you all, especially my little friend Edwin, with the tidings that the dog was drowned. Oh, Carlo, but you have been a plague to me, and no mistake ! Yes, it is you I mean, sir," said his protector, as the dog raised his large bright eyes to his friend on hearing his name thus mentioned ; "you," he continued, "who disgrace your friends, and put them to so much trouble and expense, and keep them in constant dread respecting you.

"But I must proceed with my narrative, and first, I must tell you that over a part of the deck of the vessel was a large tarpaulin,

which covered the carcases of a number of sheep that were destined for the London market. A short time after we had given up the search for Carlo, concluding that it was all over with him, I saw the sailors, first one and then another, eyeing curiously this covered heap, and I heard one man say, 'Jack, didn't you see it move ?' 'Aye, that I did, sure enough,' replied the other, 'some of the muttons must have come to life again, I think.' But this thought did not seem at all a comfortable one, for both Jack and his companion moved off without making any attempt to solve the mystery ; while I drew nearer to examine more closely into the cause of this phenomenon. But I listened, as well as looked, for I thought I heard sounds, and sure enough, in a little time, sundry low growls convinced me that the *moving* cause was no other than our fourfooted friend here, who evidently was at his usual work of destruction, no doubt tearing and worrying

the poor unconscious sheep, who certainly had not been intended for dog's meat thus early.

Of course I raised the hue and cry immediately. I felt for the sheep ; I felt as much for my own pocket, which had been so often taxed for this little depredator : so very soon sticks and pokers were put in requisition, and on every side they were thrust under the canvas to try and drive the marauder out ; but it was all to no purpose, Carlo persisted in his occupation ; he had got possession, and, seemingly, did not intend to be driven from his stronghold. But neither would he be persuaded ; all the endearing epithets that were lavished upon him were so much lost breath, for Carlo turned a deaf ear both to the gentlest and the roughest sounds, which latter began now to betoken a storm. What did that matter to the dogged little animal ; he thought himself securely sheltered from storms. At last it was proposed to do that which ought to have been done at first ;

the sailors were ordered to remove the tarpaulin, and though evidently they did not relish this extra work, it was just going to be set about, when, as if Carlo had been aware of the determination come to, or, more likely, because he was sick of being so long in close quarters with so many quarters of mutton, I saw his sharp snout thrust out on the side where there was the least noise. He thought to escape, no doubt, but I was too quick for my gentleman, for before he could squeeze his slender body through I had him fast, and for the remainder of the voyage kept him a close prisoner, or it is very likely that I should not have been able to fulfil my promise of bringing him safely to you. But I must leave you now, my young friends," said the gentleman, rising to depart. "I have brought him back, you see, and he appears to be quite at home, quite unconscious of there being any change—happy dog! But I made you one promise, Mr.

Percival," he continued, "and have kept it. I now make another to myself, and I fully intend to keep that as strictly. I never again will take charge of a little dog, however handsome he may appear, or whatever good qualities he may be said to possess." With this determination the friend took his leave, carrying along with him, as a recompense for his trouble, the thanks of the united party, not only for the care he had taken of Carlo, but also for his amusing account of the little fellow's exploits.

And now, patient readers, whoever you be, I am not going to try you much longer, for my true story draws to a close. Of course I have not related all our little dog's pranks ; I have only taken the most prominent ones.

It is to be hoped, for the sake of the community as well as for the honour of the canine race, that there are very few dogs like Carlo. Of course I am not speaking of outward appearance, for if his inward qualities

had corresponded with that, he would have been a world's wonder.

But no beauty can compensate for the absence of those dispositions by which alone we can benefit others. A handsome man or boy, a pretty woman or girl, may excite admiration, but if they have nothing else to recommend them they will be very useless members of society ; and if they are vain, proud, envious, idle, they will, in spite of bodily advantages, be much worse than useless. Beauty, as the old adage hath it, is but skin deep; and though it may last longer than the clothes we wear, it is liable to be soiled or tarnished long before it is worn out by old age, if evil tempers are indulged, and the sweet charities of life are not attended to. Let me recommend to any young friends who may read the story of "Our Little Dog" a careful attention to the small courtesies of life. Many a sad heart has been soothed, many a heavy burden lightened, by some trivial

token of love, some small attention which conveys to the recipient the pleasing assurance that he is not the isolated being he has perhaps mournfully considered himself.

Fathers and mothers, instil as much as it is possible into the minds of your children an unselfish loving spirit. Teach them consideration for the feelings, the failings, the wants, and the wishes of others. As much as possible let them "feel the luxury of doing good." And do you, my young friends, believe me when I assure you that you will find true satisfaction only, when, forgetting self, you are endeavouring to give pleasure, or to render service to those around you.

But I left Carlo abruptly in the midst of his old friends, the Percivals; I must now return, and record all that I know further of him.

One night, and only one night, he spent with his newly-recovered little patrons; the next morning he was gone; he had been carried

off, no doubt, by some dog fancier, while he was reconnoitring his new position, when the servant opened the door in the early morning. Search was made for him, of course, but all in vain, in the suburbs of the vast city. What chance was there of finding a little Italian greyhound? So, after the cherishing of some fruitless hopes, and the expression of much fruitless sorrow, "Our Little Dog" was given up for lost, but never forgotten, though now, I dare say, he lives only in story.

THE END.



